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SOCIAL JUSTICE AND THE WAGE STOP

THE Prime Minister's statement and Sir Stafford Cripps's week-end speeches have produced a crisis of confidence among their own supporters. Many Labour M.P.s, returning from their constituencies last Monday, were disturbed lest any attempt to impose a wage stop without a corresponding policy for prices and profits might shatter the industrial peace which has been one of the achievements of the Labour Government. The motion, rejecting the White Paper, which has been hastily tabled by a group of back-benchers, illustrates the gap which divides the Cabinet from the rank and file of organised labour. For, though Mr. Attlee's meeting on Wednesday with the T.U.C. leaders had a "friendly atmosphere," this is scarcely the spirit among the mass of trade unionists.

The first essential for meeting this crisis of confidence is a sense of responsibility on the side of the Trade Unions and their back-bench spokesmen. There is justification for criticism of the Government's tactics in proposing a wage-stop many weeks before the Chancellor can announce his budget plans for dealing with profits and prices. There is no justification for jumping to the conclusion that he has "sold out" to the other side, and less than none for tabling a motion which may delude the trade unionist into the belief that everything can be controlled except wages. Unless their aim is the overthrow of the Government, it is the duty of Socialist critics to face the facts just as honestly as Sir Stafford Cripps is doing. Organised labour has one paramount interest, that the Labour Government should weather the storm of these next crucial months. It will be helped in its task if it deals drastically with profits and prices on Socialist lines, and the Trade Unions—on that basis—accept the necessity for self-restraint.

When Mr. Dalton, in introducing the autumn budget, announced his decision to freeze the food subsidies quite arbitrarily at £392 millions, we observed that he "had wobbled from the sound policy of maintaining stability of essential prices." Essentials include not only rationed foods, but pointed goods, transport, heating, clothes and boots. Prices of all these are soaring; vast, and quite unscrupulous, profits are being made by manufacturers and distributors of what are too often worthless foodstuffs and goods. Old Age pensioners and millions of workers, with pay packets of £5 a week and under, are now finding it a problem to buy the Sunday dinner. Those with fixed salaries, particularly lower grade Civil Servants and school teachers, are infuriated by talk of excessive purchasing power. Meanwhile the business community, from the company director in the City to the fruiterer at the street corner, has never made money so easily or spent it so freely.

This is the social evil of inflation with which the Chancellor must grapple. He is quite right to drub into us that the nation must accept probably for several years a sharp decline in its standard of living. At present we all expect for ourselves more than we can get. But the Labour Movement will refuse to tighten its belt until it sees that the profiteers—who hardly existed in wartime, but have reappeared under a Labour Government—are being chastised with scorpions.

To meet the crisis, and to restore the confidence of the Trade Unions, Sir Stafford must treat taxation not merely as means of raising revenue, or dealing with our dollar problem, but as an instrument for distributing the necessary sacrifices according to social justice. Instead of freezing food subsidies, he must extend the principle to other essentials, including coal and transport, and he must employ the capital levy for reducing accumulations of wealth. So long as private capital exists, gross inequalities of personal expenditure can never be avoided. But at least he can prevent one class from loosening its belt while the vast majority tighten theirs; and he can begin a drive against the big and the small profiteers who are making their pile out of national privation.

His tame economists may prove that statistically these profits are "insignificant." But, psychologically, they are all-important to a Labour Government which has to persuade the workers to accept a cut in real wages. Socialist finance, so long obstructed by Government experts and Treasury officials, has now become the only alternative to a wave of industrial unrest which would sweep away irretrievably all chances of recovery. In the present crisis social justice is sound economics.

The Unbridged Gap

The inference which the Chancellor clearly intends the country to draw from the 1947 Balance of Payments figures is that we must export more and consume less. On visible trade account, however, the U.K. deficit, which amounted last year to £450 millions, as compared with £302 millions in 1938, is not seriously alarming. The most disquieting features in the balance sheet, showing a total sterling area deficit of £1,023 millions, are, first, the dollar deficit of £266 millions incurred by the members of the sterling area other than the U.K.; secondly, the grave deterioration in "other" invisible receipts; and, thirdly, the continued high level of Government expenditure abroad. The drop in "other" invisible receipts from a credit of £73 millions in 1946 to a debit of £20 millions in 1947 conceals, we suspect, some flight of capital which cannot otherwise be accounted for. As for Government expenditure, which totalled £211 millions last year as compared with £290 millions in 1946, the current year's figure should show a considerable lightening in the burden of the cost of Germany and other "relief"; but there is a strong case for further effort to reduce military expenditure abroad. This is shown for 1947 at a net figure of £80 millions; but gross expenditure must have been substantially greater since the net figure was arrived at after including credits both from the sale of surplus stores and receipts (including arrears) from overseas governments on military account. While, obviously, we must make every effort to increase exports of British goods, everything possible must also be done both to reduce Government expenditure abroad and to stop the leakages of our gold and hard currency through the fringes of the sterl area. Obviously, too, the more delay in arrival of Marshall aid, the less effective E.R.P. be.

Western Union

Reactions on the Continent—outside France—to Mr. Bevin's "Western Union" speech show how vital it is that the British Government should take urgent steps to dispel the impression that it is thinking less in terms of practical economic co-operation than of a vague political grouping with ill-defined strategic liabilities. The Scandinavian governments have made it plain that, though they are in no way inclined to reverse their favourable attitude to the constructive economic conceptions underlying the Marshall Plan, they have no taste for an ideological "choosing of sides" or the assumption of commitments incompatible with their traditional policy of neutrality. Even the members of the Benelux Union, to whom an extension of mutual assistance pacts on Dunkirk Treaty lines might be thought likely to appeal, seem to be hesitant about endorsing a form of Western Union whose distinction from Mr. Churchill's conception is not (to them) apparent. In particular, they seem to find a difficulty in reconciling the idea of Western Union as a guarantee against renewed German aggression with the inclusion of Western Germany, revitalised by U.S. dollars, in the Bloc. To put an end to misinterpretation and suspicions, surely the right course is to bring the Sixteen Nations back to the real job of economic planning by re-convening the Paris Conference.

Mr. Creech Jones in New York

Once again the centre of interest in the Palestine problem has shifted to New York. Dr. Weizmann has arrived there to add his authority to the plea for an international police force. He has succeeded at least in stirring the American press into raising its voice, somewhat tardily, and in rousing the Five-man Commission, first, into an outspoken protest against British neutrality between Uno and the Mufti, and, secondly, into a strongly worded demand that the Security Council should provide military forces for the implementation of the Assembly's decision. To meet this danger—for this is how the Foreign Office regards it—Mr. Creech Jones has gone to New York. We gather that his instructions are, first, to seek behind the scenes to defeat the proposal, and, if it comes to a vote, to abstain ostentatiously. The arguments which he will put privately to the Americans are that an international police force would provide an opportunity for interference by the Eastern Bloc, and that in America's own interest she would do well to win the support of the Arab League by conniving at the collapse of partition. He is unlikely to be wholly successful. This is the year of the Presidential election, and no Administration will dare, at least till next November, overtly to succumb to the pressure of the oil lobby and of the British Government, whose handling of the Jewish problem has embarrassed even its staunchest American friends. We expect a fierce battle of intrigue followed by a decision to send a token force and a show-down on the issue of arming the Haganah.

The Argentine Agreement

It would be idle to pretend that the Argentine agreement is other than a tough bargain for Britain. So far as can be judged from the details that have appeared in the Argentine press, we secure meat and maize (at much higher prices than those hitherto paid in the case of meat) to the value of £190 millions. In return, we are to pay Argentina £10 millions as a retrospective increase in the price of previous meat shipments; we are to export to her goods, chiefly machinery and fuel, worth £40 millions; and, in addition, are to hand over the British-owned railways, in effect, without payment. Argentina is to retain her £150 million sterling balance in London, and this balance is now to be underwritten with a gold guarantee against sterling depreciation. Since we normally derive one-third of our imported meat from Argentina, the resumption of the suspended meat shipments is welcome; but the price increase seems to involve a big question of Treasury policy. Is the meat ration to be cut, or the meat subsidy increased?

Not Very New Deal for Germany

Bizonia's new "Economic Constitution," duly proclaimed at the week-end by Generals Clay and Robertson, is a notable advance in that it does equip the two zones (not yet the three) with something in the nature of a federal Parliament and a federal Cabinet, even though their powers are confined to economic affairs and are still necessarily subject to final veto by the occupation authorities. The weakness of the new plan is that it leaves these federal agencies still without any effective agencies of local administration; they are, therefore, dependent on the very doubtful willingness of the *Land* Parliaments and Governments to carry out their decisions. The Americans, who have been the principal advocates of loose federation of the type now set up, can fairly be asked how far they suppose the U.S. Government would get if it had to depend on all the separate States of the Union to implement and to administer its measures. The bicameral system with a Council of *Laender* side by side with an economic "House of Commons," is quite reconcilable with effective government of Bizonia: the retention of administration in the hands of the smaller units emphatically is not.

The Rift in the W.F.T.U.

The developments of the past week have brought a split in the World Federation of Trade Unions appreciably nearer. The secretary, M. Saillant, after consulting the other leading countries—or rather the secretaries of their national movements—has refused to convene a meeting this month for discussion of the Marshall Aid issue. The Soviet Trade Unions, the French and the Italians, as well as the lesser East European groups, followed the Soviet line, against the British General Council and the American C.I.O. The General Council had announced in advance that, if the W.F.T.U. meeting were not held, it reserved its freedom to summon a meeting of the Trade Union movements of the "Marshall" countries, to which it would presumably invite the *Force Ouvrière* of M. Jouhaux (who has been deprived of his seat on the W.F.T.U.) as well as the C.G.T. Whether the General Council will proceed at once to call a West European conference is still unknown; much probably turns on the current talks with Mr. Carey of the C.I.O.

The Union Movement

It is high time for effective legislation against the propagation of racial hatred. For months, Fascist organisations have held their meetings and continued their activities unchecked; and Sir Oswald Mosley now feels sufficiently sure of himself to announce the amalgamation of all the existing Fascist bodies into one Union Movement under his leadership. Each warning by Sir Stafford Cripps of the seriousness of our economic situation acts as a stimulant. In the long run, Fascism, with its pernicious foundation of anti-Semitism, stands to gain even more from economic difficulties than Communism does. So far, the only positive action that appears to be exciting the immediate consideration of the Home Secretary is the banning of the use of loud-speakers at all outdoor political meetings except during a general or by-election campaign—a step which might easily have the effect of damaging many legitimate democratic organisations. A better method would be to give local authorities the power to prohibit the use of loud-speakers in districts where they think such a prohibition necessary. At the same time, local authorities should be enabled to prevent the holding of public meetings liable to lead to a breach of the peace as a corollary to their power to ban processions under the Public Order Act.

PARLIAMENT: Anxieties and Sedatives

Wednesday

DURING Bevan's speech, the Tories, so prompt to howl at lesser Ministers, listened in a concerted silence, broken only, from time to time, by a bleat from Sir Waldron Smithers, whom nobody seemed to have told. By the time the Minister finished, they had the sodden look of a landscape after a cloudburst. It would have taken more than the wintry sun of R. A. Butler to brighten the scene.

Bevan began by acknowledging his guilt. He admitted that during the last few months he had consistently understated the Government's case. Indeed, when he had explained how frequently he and his Department had met the B.M.A. negotiators, and how, apart from their eagerness to buy and sell patients, he had conceded their chief demands, those—among them the open-minded Liberal Byers—who had previously been impressed by the B.M.A.'s self-righteousness were satisfied that the doctors were merely pouting.

Butler was uncomfortable in his reply. As the principal Tory borrower of Labour's social principles, he couldn't attack the National Health Service. As the B.M.A.'s friend, he was, he seemed to think, on safer ground in abusing the Minister. He wasn't. When it comes to vituperation, Bevan is as able as he is in argument. He closed that particular part of the Debate by saying that "The Right Hon. Gentleman is leaving a trail of slime behind him." Butler smiled.

After its violent opening, the discussion moved more calmly with well-reasoned speeches for the Government motion by Hale, Jeger and Stephen Taylor, and for the amendment by Eccles, who, while the attention of the Deputy-Speaker, Sir Robert Young, was elsewhere engaged, took the opportunity of discussing the middle-classes. A moving, sensitive speech, which deserved more attention from the restless Government benches, came from Sir John Graham Kerr, the eighty-year-old biologist, and Member for the Scottish Universities. In opposing the Government he showed the same deep attachment for what is best in the medical profession as did Somerville Hastings in supporting it.

Richard Law, in winding up for the Opposition, wanted Bevan to concede one thing. "Which one?" the Government back-benchers asked. "I don't know," said Law. Just one. His lack of definition didn't advance his argument. Nor did the House take kindly to his sad jest about the Chief Whip of the Liberal Party that "The only person I have seen him whip is himself." In face of this weak challenge, Arthur Woodburn, the Secretary of State for Scotland, brought the Motion home to a strong finish, worthy of its beginning.

Under the Lord President's friendly eye, Hugh Gaitskell kept up the level of Ministerial speeches in introducing the Nationalisation of Gas Bill. He has enough self-confidence to invite respect, and sufficient clarity of mind to justify it. His exposition of the Bill, the third of the fuel triad, won applause, even where the Bill itself did not receive approval—at least from the Opposition.

Brendan Bracken, bringing with him a whiff of Bournemouth and the fast-train-to-the-City, arrived in the House to defend the Gas Companies' record. Sir Peter Bennett, a former President of the F.B.I., opposed the Bill for its harm to the municipal undertakings of Birmingham and similar cities, and its potential harm to the private manufacturer of gas-fittings. Listening to Sir Peter, one might easily have forgotten that Birmingham's vested interests lately rejected a Bill for municipal trading. The Opposition used the occasion to drag in the question of co-partnership. It was left to Tom Williamson to point out that co-partnership is a menace when it becomes an excuse for not paying a fair basic wage.

The debate had none of the passion of the Health Service Debate. In most Members' minds, the thought of Thursday's debate of the Wage Policy White Paper and Cripps' balance-sheet was uppermost. While the discussion placidly continued, Ellis Smith, moving among the back-benchers to collect signatures for his motion to reject the White Paper, in favour of Socialist planning plus collective bargaining, was a reminder of Labour's underlying anxieties.

MAURICE EDELMAN

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE LORDS

The Party conference on the future of the Lords need not interfere with the Government's plans for the passage of the Parliament Bill. Had Lord Addison agreed to that, he would have stultified any prospects of any important legislation in the next two years before a general election is necessary. All that has happened is a postponement of the vote on the Second Reading of the Bill, while a small group probes one another's minds to see whether there is any prospect of agreeing upon the character of a reformed second chamber. The attempt will at least be made in an atmosphere of good will; but we must frankly face the fact that there are such wide divisions between what Tories mean by reform and what Socialists mean, that success is not very likely. Meanwhile, the Parliament Bill holds the field.

Its critics, who are so disturbed at the prospect that the delay imposed by the veto of the Lords will, in future, last for no more than a year, are surely lacking in a sense of proportion. No great question is suddenly introduced into Parliament in the form of a Bill to the astonishment alike of the public and its legislators. Apart from emergencies like a war, one cannot think of any important measure that has not been the subject of a generation's discussion before a major party decided to pin its fortunes on carrying it forward. The franchise, education, self-government for Ireland and India, workmen's compensation, old age pensions—on these and things like these, every argument, possible and impossible, has been thrashed out in detail, every interest affected has had its say; and, once a government has made up its mind to act, a year's possible further delay is ample, if, indeed it is not too much, to test the opinion of the public on the transaction from principle to application.

Nor must it be forgotten that we do not stand where we did in 1911. The historical tempo is far swifter; the need to get things done is far more urgent. Parliamentary democracy will not survive if its movement is to be set by what Bentham called the fallacy of the "snail-pace argument"; and, in a House of Commons in which one of the really vital questions is time, the notion that an assembly already overloaded with business must, in three sessions, spread over not less than two years, repeat the retrial of a debate, in which everyone knows what is to be said, is a fantastic notion. The real truth is that elder statesmen, like Lord Samuel, who think that the present Parliament Act has been a success, mainly think so because they have a nostalgia for the spacious years in which they were leading actors in a well-organised ballet, much of the choreography of which was itself a relic of the Gladstonian epoch when the G.O.M. led his battalions forward to that Armageddon where they battled for the Lord. Adequate discussion is, of course, an inescapable duty. But, having had an adequate discussion, it is not less urgent to decide. Parliament does not increase its prestige by permitting this interest or that to postpone the evil day when idea becomes action.

In the coming talks, the Cabinet should make certain principles crystal clear as the basis of their approach to the second chamber question. The hereditary principle is inadmissible, directly or indirectly; the hereditary peers, therefore, cannot be regarded as entitled to elect from amongst their number some proportion of the new chamber, whether it be one-half in a chamber of three hundred, as the late Lord Salisbury desired, or one-third, or even a quarter. The principle which underlies the idea of an hereditary peerage exercising any political power at the centre of decision is an anachronism in a modern democracy. It is, indeed, very difficult to see that any elected chamber is desirable, save one chosen by the House of Commons itself, and in proportion to the strength of parties there. Indirect election has never proved itself suitable for bodies of this character. Vocational representation, as the futility of the Economic Council in Weimar Germany makes plain, raises insoluble questions of the weight to be attached to different occupations. There is something to be said for nomination by the Crown, but it will be well for the Cabinet to bear in mind that nomination has given Canada one of the poorest second chambers in the world. And to those who talk lightly of special competence, it is worth pointing out that eminence in a field like medicine or physics or even business has not proved an index to the special kind of competence which is politically useful. Lord Lister and Lord Kelvin and Lord Nuffield are not likely to be remembered for their contribution to political debate.

It is to be hoped that the Government will lend no ear to the hoary fallacy that a second chamber is valuable for the purpose of technical revision of legislation. It is easy to see that a government can use a second chamber to introduce some clause in a Bill the need for which had been overlooked in its passage through the Commons, or to get an amendment accepted which is better than the form of words adopted in the House of Commons. But it is nonsense to argue that technical revision can be undertaken by a chamber of any size. Most revision of this kind is a matter of draftsmanship; and it is rarely that a committee of more than five people will produce a good draft. An assembly of two or three hundred can accept a draft placed before it; but if it embarks on the task of finding actual words for its ideas, it merely breeds confusion. Nor ought a Labour Government to agree to any alteration in the definition of a Money Bill or of the mechanism of its control. Not only has the present system worked admirably, but it is essential as a matter of constitutional principle that the control of finance should never be subject to a check by any body the authority of which is not directly derived from popular election.

It is, indeed, worth emphasising generally that the belief in the need for two-chamber legislatures is more the outcome of the influence of tradition than of the investigation of experience or of logic. Most of the conflicts between the two Houses have done little real good to anyone; and, ever since 1831, where the House of Lords has been active, it has been engaged in the deliberate protection of outworn privilege. It is, no doubt, true that great men have sat in second chambers, and that some have made great speeches there. But it is also worth remembering that, generally speaking, a strong letter in *The Times* would have had much the same effect as a good speech, and that, Lord Rosebery apart, there has been no member of the House of Lords of real eminence there, whose reputation was not first made during his membership of the House of Commons. We are constantly told of the high level of its debates; but it is usually forgotten that the vast majority of those who make the level of those debates high have served their apprenticeship in the thick of a fight in which popular election gave them their chance to learn their job.

So that even if we admit that public opinion is habituated to a two-chamber system, we ought to make sure that it has no relation either to birth or to wealth, as such, and that the subordination to the democratically elected chamber is as emphatic as its power to delay is small. Not least, we must take care that the second chamber does not become a reservoir for ageing men, who have just begun to feel uncomfortable about the ideas of the rising generation. We hope, too, that the Government will not accept the idea that the members of a second chamber ought to be chosen for life; performance ought to count, and the chatter of independence and impartiality, as sedulously claimed by Lord Woolton until he assumed the chairmanship of the Tory Party, ought to deceive no one. We hope, too, that there will be a retiring age, and a salary sufficient to ensure that anyone who is asked to serve is not excluded upon financial grounds. Is there any solid reason for including the Bench of Bishops? That is a specialised interest in the national life which is surely no longer entitled to a privileged position over the powers of legislation. The Bishops have many other, and adequate, means at their disposal for making known their anxiety that something should be done without making anybody feel uncomfortable.

THE PATTERN IN PARIS

(*From a Special Correspondent*)

It was really Léon Blum, accomplished journalist, whose pieces in the *Populaire* are a continuing tribute to vivacity and gracefulness in words, who invented the "Third Force." A year earlier the Socialists would never have allowed themselves to be bracketed with the Progressive Catholics (M.R.P.); but Ramadier's decisive break with the Communists in May, 1947, when he and his party colleagues took up a Centre position on wages and the war in Indo-China, had the effect of making the Socialists more anti-Communist than anti-clerical. Since about one-third of the French electorate votes neither Gaullist nor Communist, what more natural than that this moderate sector should band together under the flag of neutrality? Léon Blum and Francisque Gay, the atheist and the Christian, *doyens* respectively of the Socialists and the Progressive Catholics, hastened into each other's arms. It was a touching sight; and there were some to applaud.

The Third Force—a phrase-making coalition of Socialists, Progressive Catholics, and a few wayward Radicals hungry for a taste of office and privately sure that they could have their cake as well as eat it—came into being in the shadow of municipal elections at which the Gaullists had secured over a third of the electorate, and the Communists retained firm hold upon the third that they have regularly polled since 1945. Ramadier, Prime Minister since January, ran for cover by throwing out his more provocative colleagues—men like André Philip, who really believe in the doctrine of *dirigisme*—and resigned when the great strikes of November began.

Meanwhile people who wanted neither Gaullism nor Communism, together with other people who found Gaullism not unattractive but were unwilling as yet to say so, promoted the Third Force from the domestic to the international scene. There arose the picture of French and British democrats marching hand-in-hand through the valley of the shadow of Thorez-de Gaulle, and fearing no evil, or not much, other than defection within their own ranks. It was a fine sight, as I say; and it is a pity that the French Government then proceeded to smack the British with an inconvenient devaluation, that the British smacked the French by showing such scanty consideration for French views on the reorganisation of Bizonia; and that both then smacked themselves by lining up with the U.S.A. behind international trade agreements which appeared to rule out the establishment of a large area of preferential trading in Western Europe, upon which the Third Force would presumably depend.

It may be that the diplomacy of Western Europe, or at least of Britain and of this country, could steer a course stoutly independent either of the Soviet Union or of the United States. There are many Frenchmen who believe in this possibility, and hope even now to achieve it. What is certain, however, is that the present French Government offers no basis for this hope. M. Schuman's Cabinet is not Communist, that is obvious; nor is it Gaullist, though this is less obvious. Many of its members would not be slow to make their peace with de Gaulle if he were to come back; and some of them, like René Mayer, are intimate with de Gaulle. But a closer inspection reveals that this coalition has a character very much of its own. It is dominated by bankers and men of affairs. M. Schuman himself, and much more M. Mayer, backed by M. Coty and figures of lesser importance like MM. Abelin and Johannès du Praz, are representative of French business on an international plane. They are delegates of the upper strata of the French *bourgeoisie*. Between them they cover international banking contacts and transport corporations, textiles, and much else. The London *Times* had its eye on the ball (and its tongue, maybe, in the cheek) when it wrote the other day that M. Mayer, "a skilful expert in international trade and banking," had gone "with a wide broom along the corridors of his Ministry" (of Finance), and that the present Government was "a Ministry of enlightened liberals, of business men with a practical approach to everyday problems, almost as far removed from the French Socialists in their practice and attitude as the Socialists in their turn are removed from the Communists."

There is nothing shameful in all this. Business men will be business men, even when they are posing as philanthropists. The essential point is that it is business men who are now running the French Government. The link between them and the Socialists, without whom the mask would fall and the Cabinet stand revealed for what it really is—a caucus of bankers—is anti-Communism and an understandable liking for the fruits of office. Both may be legitimate motives; unhappily they do not lead to staunch and watchful independence.

This became evident in M. Mayer's monetary reforms, and particularly in the provision for a free market in gold and foreign exchange. Hoarders of gold are encouraged to do good business, while the poor devils who hoarded only 5,000-franc notes will catch it in the neck. Individualist patriots who had spirited their savings or their profits in good time across the Atlantic and steadfastly refused to declare them, so as to be sure that the community as a whole should not benefit by additional support in hard currency, are to be allowed to cash in on the free market. Taxation of wages and salaries is increased; all money incomes are reduced in real terms by a devaluation which, however advisable for French exports, will make imports, and therefore all food and most consumer goods, more expensive. No wonder that the Socialists were shocked. Not only the *dirigisme* dear to the party's heart had gone by the board, but every vestige of a progressive approach to immediate problems. Many doubt if the coalition can survive.

It is hard to avoid the conclusions that the Schuman-Mayer Government is now in course of pulling chestnuts out of the fire for de Gaulle. The Government is unpopular; as prices rise it will become more unpopular. Feelings will rise in company with prices; strikes will follow in the spring. It will be then or never for de Gaulle. If de Gaulle, once in office, is to continue along the lines of deflation and private enterprise so much praised by Washington and Wall Street in the Schuman-Mayer set-up, he will have to act upon the basis laid down by the recent monetary reforms. His own popularity must have suffered greatly had he been obliged to carry out these reforms himself. Paul Reynaud, unabashed by the indignities of 1940 and hoping soon to sit on de Gaulle's right-hand and hold the purse strings, was wise enough to see that: he voted for the devaluation, but prudently from the background.

In another direction—the splitting of the trade unions and their emasculation as a fighting force—the present Government has also tried, but with little success, to smooth the General's path. *Force Ouvrière,* the coalition of all anti-Communist elements formerly in the *Confédération Générale du Travail,* has yet to justify the large amounts of money spent on it. Thirdly, and again in the name of good business, the Franco-Spanish frontier, which a three-party coalition closed two years ago, is now open once more.

All this suggests that while the Schuman-Mayer set-up is capable of harmonising the long-term interests of French big business with those of the U.S.A., it is not really capable of protecting the standard of living and the future of the wage and salary-earning middle class, much less of the working class. The chairman of a small traders' association, the *Confédération Générale du Commerce,* recently said that what M. Mayer was doing "tended towards a national concentration which would allow big business, stuffed with foreign capital, to grow and prosper on the ruins of small businesses."

Not that significant contradictions are lacking. It was observed during the November strikes that leading members of the *Conseil National du Patronat Français*—a sort of French F.B.I. on antimacassar lines—were openly sympathising with their employees. Afterwards the Socialist Minister of Labour, M. Daniel Mayer, a devotee of Léon Blum's, had to denounce a number of private wage agreements concluded "on the side." MM. Mayol, Villiers, and Ricard, three chieftains of the C.N.P.F., have been actively canvassing for the Third Force, because they at least, the representatives of native French industry, do genuinely fear the Americans as well as the Communists. For them the Scylla of American economic domination is almost as frightening as the Charybdis of Socialism. In the Third Force they tend to see their last hope of survival—at best, as many of them fear, a rather meagre hope. As a Communist was overheard telling one of them recently: "Your problem isn't to know whether you're going to be eaten or not; it's a question of knowing by whom."

For these and related reasons, the Socialist-Progressive Catholic-Radical coalition known in France to-day as the Third Force is not now, and can never be, *on the really vital issues* (since plainly there are superficial contradictions), anything other than a government of high finance fighting in the last ditch against social change, and preparing the way, consciously or not, for de Gaulle. The Socialist leaders, torn between their duty to their ideals and their psychological incapacity for joint action with the Communists, are dragged along behind. That is the position to-day. The Schuman-Mayer set-up is an anti-Left combination, in no sense a "third alternative" between Right and Left. And if this be the pattern in Paris, what will the international Third Force show itself to be?

Paris, February 9.

THOUGHTS ON FINANCE—I

FROM the comments on my resignation last November I select two, as pegs on which to hang a few financial reflections. "The City," wrote Mr. Oscar Hobson, in the *News Chronicle* of November 17th, "did not like Mr. Hugh Dalton as Chancellor of the Exchequer. In fact, I doubt whether there was ever a more unpopular Chancellor in the financial district, not even Mr. Lloyd George back in 1909-10."

"All know that you have striven hard in a period of utmost difficulty to set things right in the English economy; that the budgetary condition of England remains sound is due to you." So Mr. John J. McCloy, President of the International Bank, wrote to me from Washington on November 14th.

Certainly our budgetary condition remains sound. There is no precedent for the fact that all through this financial year—and not only in this last quarter when most of the income tax and surtax comes in—we have run a substantial surplus. And now, with two months still to go, my successor can show a surplus of more than £500 million, as against my own estimate, after allowing for the tax changes of the Autumn Budget, of £306 millions for the full year. Many items of revenue have already yielded more in ten months than we expected in twelve. Some revenue—and some expenditure—is non-recurrent. It won't repeat itself next year. But this—though many of our critics don't seem to see the difference—is not the same thing as saying that we don't get the revenue, or meet the expenditure, *this year.* This year our budgetary condition is, indeed, remarkably sound. Next year I am confident that my successor will make it sounder still.

Why, then, have the men of "the City" been so discontented? Mr. Lloyd George once called them—in public—"frozen penguins." I have been more restrained. Nor would I lump them all together in any picturesque description, flattering or the reverse. There are some very able and public-spirited men in the City. But there are also others. And there are quite a number who, as Mr. Hobson hints, have found this Government's financial policy not at all to their liking.

What have they most disliked? Our steady advance towards social equality; our high expenditure on social services; food subsidies in particular; high taxation, especially on large incomes and fortunes, and on profits; cheap money most of all.

There was a big advance towards social equality in the war. The Labour Party, and the present Government, intend it to continue, and it is continuing. I have made no bones about this in my Budget speeches, nor have other Government spokesmen. I have, indeed, been warned by Sir John Anderson that I was "pursuing equality at the expense of quality," while the *Economist,* complaining that "at least ten per cent. of the national consuming power has been forcefully transferred from the middle classes and the rich to the wage-earners," adds that "there has been no attempt even to discuss the question whether it is right that a war, in which all classes contributed what they could, should leave behind it, as an accidental by-product, a social revolution of these dimensions." But this last statement is that of a recluse.

Our advance towards social equality is being achieved in four ways; first, through public expenditure on family allowances, better pensions and other social security benefits, food subsidies, housing subsidies and the new "equalisation grant" to the poorer local authorities; second, through changes in taxation; third, through changes in the relative shares of the recipients of wages, salaries, profits and fixed interest in the national income (cheap money comes in here); and, fourth, through price controls and rationing.

What the opponents of any one of these equalising measures have to prove is that, though it promotes equality, it lessens production or weakens the export drive. If, as regards any particular measure, this could be proved, there would be a strong case for going slow. But usually there is no conflict between greater equality and greater production. Often the one helps the other.

The City, no doubt, like some of our Parliamentary critics, thinks we were "too hasty" in starting family allowances, in increasing old age pensions, and in pushing through our social legislation. We, on the other hand, were determined, from the first hour of this Parliament, to go full steam ahead with all this, losing no time. How right we were! Think, had we delayed, of all the arguments we should hear now for doing nothing "until the crisis is over."

But it is food subsidies, more than any other item of public expenditure, which excite the City. These are said to "conceal the true position," whatever that may mean. They should be done away with, or, at least, "reduced to negligible proportions." If this were done, we should be able to reduce the income tax by three shillings in the pound. Until it is done, most of us are living, unawares, on charity. This last thought has found its way into the Annual Address of the new Chairman of the National Provincial Bank, Captain Eric Smith. "No decent active man should tolerate the idea that he exists to some extent on charity. . . The man who enjoys better food in a works canteen is accepting material charity from those not so fortunately placed. . . . Let the man in the street realise that, when he says 'the State pays,' it means that he himself is paying and, if he is not contributing his full share, the balance is charity from another such as he."

What a mental morass! Who provides the "charity"? Those who are worse off, or better off, or no better off, than the eater of the meal? And where, on this definition, does "charity" end?

The whole tone of this address is petty, petulant and partisan, a poor contrast with Lord Linlithgow's clear and balanced survey on behalf of the Midland Bank, and a sad come-down from Captain Smith's experienced and distinguished predecessor, Lord Colgrain, with whom I negotiated—most amicably, I remember—the provisions in the Bank of England Act for giving directions, if necessary, to the Clearing Banks. If all bank chairmen always talked like Captain Smith, the nationalisation of the banks would soon be a live political issue.

When I was being strongly pressed last autumn, from many quarters, to announce an immediate and heavy cut in the food subsidies, I tried to find out why so much propaganda and private persuasion was being concentrated on this one point. Partly, no doubt, to foment trouble between the Government and their supporters; partly, I daresay, through social jealousy. But there were two other reasons: first, the idea that, if the worker had to pay more for his food, he would "realise the seriousness of the situation" and work harder; and, second, a desire to help, by a large cut in expenditure, to make a large Budget surplus.

The first reason rests, I think, on a psychological error. And those who advance it seem to assume, without any justification, that there would be no further wage increases, to compensate for higher prices, for, in that case, we should be almost as we were, except for another twist to the inflationary spiral.

The second reason is more sensible. A large Budget surplus is our best guard against inflation. We have got one this year, in spite of a food subsidy bill for £392 millions. But this is a big bill—though the bills for debt and defence are both bigger—and we cannot let it grow without limit, so long as import prices rise.

Since the end of the war there have been many tax changes and, on balance, large tax reductions, principally in income tax. The City would have liked it all done differently. First and foremost, they would have liked a lower standard rate. They think 9s., as against 10s. at the end of the war much too high. They weren't much thrilled by the reliefs I gave—the increases in personal allowances and child allowance, and even in the earned income relief. All these reliefs, for a given loss of revenue, are much better equalisers than a reduction in the standard rate, which relieves each taxpayer, not of an *equal amount* of tax, as an increase in the personal allowance does, but of an *equal proportion* of what he paid before, without upper limit. The earned income relief, of course, has an upper limit.

Even less did the City like the surtax increase in my first Budget, or the Profits Tax, my substitute for the wartime E.P.T. They disapproved of my increased Stamp Duties, and very shrilly indeed of my new duty on bonus shares. They showed no great gratitude for my exemption of small estates from Estate Duty, and no enthusiasm at all for my increase of this duty on the large estates.

To what I did, both by increase and reduction, to indirect taxes, they remained, apart from Stock Exchange flutters in particular shares, comparatively indifferent, but, on the whole, they thought I kept both expenditure and taxation far too high and went out of my way to make things harder for the well-to-do.

Let it be noted in passing that, in spite of much propaganda to the contrary, not only wage-earners, but professional and salaried people, have gained a good deal from my reshaping of the income tax. For example, a married man with two children, earning £2,000 a year, pays £150 less income tax now than at the end of the war.

But what really made me more unpopular in the City than even Mr. Lloyd George was cheap money.

HUGH DALTON

(To be concluded)

A LONDON DIARY

INSIGNIFICANT bursting of an excrescent bubble, or collapse of the big balloon? Most of us, I suppose, with memories of 1921 and 1929 in our minds, began to ask ourselves that question when the sharp break in American commodity markets hit the headlines last week-end. The experience of economic forecasters in the United States since the war is chastening; and I don't propose to rush in where they—and, incidentally, the Soviet Union's ace analyst, Professor Varga—trod to their cost. With speculative holdings immense, the whole structure of American commodity prices looks pretty vulnerable; and it would not be surprising if (as reported) a sudden stoppage of buying on Administration account, accompanied by market raids on the part of well-informed "bears," had been sufficient momentarily to knock the froth off grain and meat prices. But it is quite another matter to conclude that this means the end of inflation in America, or that it heralds the beginning of a major slump either in the commodity markets or, still less, in business as a whole. There seems to have been some increase lately in manufacturers' and retailers' stocks; and I have little doubt that the classic elements of recession—over-extended productive capacity and satiation of effective demand—will come along in due course. But it would be a bold man who asserted confidently that they were immediately present.

* * *

How quickly academic objectivity disappears when academics discuss the case for their retention of the privilege of voting twice. Most of those who have written to *The Times* about the proposal to abolish the University seats seem to suppose that it is sufficient to prove that they have existed for a long time and been held by men and women of distinction. This is exactly the same argument which was used to defend the pocket boroughs when the Reform Bill was being debated; and it applies equally to the City of London, whose continuance as a separate entity has few defenders. At the time of the Reform Bill it could at least be said that independent Radicals as well as independent Tories had reached the House of Commons by grossly undemocratic means. But to-day the plain fact is that, apart from a Christian Pacifist who, I think, was once elected by the Welsh Universities, and Sir John Boyd Orr, no one even sympathetic to Socialism has held a University seat since 1918. Ex-Socialist politicians have, of course, been elected, for instance, Ramsay MacDonald and Kenneth Lindsay. But ever since the break-up of the Liberal Party, an Independent has meant in the Universities just what it means in municipal politics, a Conservative or a Liberal of independent views, but never a Socialist. The real case, then, for retaining University representation is that it provides a means for introducing into the House of Commons a few Members of the quality of Sir John Anderson or Sir Arthur Salter, broad-minded enough to leaven the mass of normally elected Conservative M.P.s. But is this really a sufficient justification for a Labour Government to retain the anomaly of plural voting?

* * *

Our Victorian fathers were convinced that universal education and the growth of the popular press would lead to a vast increase of accurate knowledge and to an understanding of one another by the various peoples of the world. Things have not turned out quite like that. So much depends upon the newspaper reporter—what he sees and what he expects to see. The other day there was an article in the American *Newsweek* by their Paris correspondent who came to London for the first time in two years. She reports on the increased dreariness of London and growing hardships of Londoners. It is impossible to buy liquor, she says, except upon the black market, and therefore "entertaining"—which, according to her, was never on a very large scale in London!—"is just about impossible for the average Briton." But the worst hardship for the Londoners is the perpetual queue, and she describes queues as "neuter caterpillars—no mind, no soul, just a slow-moving body trained by years of experience to crawl in the right direction." Hence, "more grumbling, more discouragement over the national economy, and more disappointment among Labour voters who hoped for the millennium or at least a few comforting steps towards it." And right across the bottom of the page is a large photograph of a long, long queue crawling endlessly through the rain, a monument to British muddle and a Socialist government. No doubt it will be shown round in many a hick town of the Middle West to show what happens when you abolish free enterprise. The innocent American will not notice that in this long queue there is not a single shopping-basket or know that the explanation is that it is crawling endlessly by the wall of St. James's Palace to see Princess Elizabeth's wedding presents. The camera cannot lie, but it is a superb instrument of journalistic humbug.

* * *

The Welwyn whimsy dies hard, I thought, as I looked at the Hemel Hempstead New Town Exhibition which Mr. Silkin opened last week at the Planning Centre in Covent Garden. If you share the view of Mr. G. A. Jellicoe, the Development Corporation's consultant, that "man is meant to live in communion with nature," and that nature, rather than buildings, should be the dominant feature in the New Towns—the design for Hemel Hempstead will impress you, I dare say, as *gemütlich*. But it seemed to me that, in terms of practical living, much too high a price was being paid for this conception—in which, incidentally, a (to me) quite inexplicable role appeared to be played by the "mystical number" Seven. To begin with, the site plan is extremely extravagant of space: it involves adding over 400 acres to the already extensive area of 5,910 acres designated for an eventual population of 60,000. In consequence, expenditure on roads will be extremely heavy; journeys from homes to work-places or shopping centres will call for the use of a bicycle; and what should be a valuable factor in New Towns—communal central heating—is hopelessly prejudiced. Besides this, I was concerned to note how imperfectly the Hemel Hempstead design carries out the conception of a socially "balanced town." Out of the seven proposed residential areas, only two are "mixed" in the sense of including both houses whose rents are subsidised and those whose rents are not. In the other five areas, the "subsidised" proletarians are rigidly divided from the middle-class payers of economic rents; and the latter have the pick of the areas, so far as siting is concerned. In short, this New Town is an anachronism: planned on Garden City lines which were becoming out of date even in the 1930s, it is likely to be socially obsolescent long before it is completed. There may, in fact, be compensations in the slowing down of New Town construction, if more time is thus accorded for studying plans in the "laboratory experiment" stage.

* * *

There could scarcely be a stranger combination than H. G. Wells and Lord Sankey—the free-thinker and the devout Churchman, the impatient revolutionary and the patient reformer, the phrasemaker and the lawgiver—but they had an affectionate respect for each other. In their association over the New Declaration of the Rights of Man, which Wells initiated but insisted should be called "The Sankey Declaration" because the ex-Lord Chancellor was chairman of the drafting committee, their personalities clashed like wave and rock. But Sankey ignored H. G.'s provocative heresies, having decided that he had "an aura of goodness," while Wells would say "He's 'pi,' but he's no humbug." The issue in the Rights' debate on which Sankey expressed himself most strongly was on "freedom from dossiers." As a member of the tribunal which examined spies and Sinn Feiners during the first World War, he had developed an abhorrence of secret records, compiled on suspicions and informing. When John Sankey died last week-end at the age of 81, he had lived to see the nationalisation of the mines, to which he was converted by his lawyer's judgment and his conscience—from which, he used to say, there was no appeal—and the emancipation of India, in the hope of which he had stayed (without recrimination from his Labour colleagues) in the MacDonald Government. And, though the world is more rife than ever with secret dossiers, the Rights of Man are at least a Uno issue.

POLYCRITIC

DOCTORS' DISORDERS

THE B.M.A. caucus abusive and raucous
Brings medical aid to democracy;
It nurses ill-feeling respecting State healing
On a plea of the purest Hippocracy.
The Act, say physicians, appears to opticians
As the most anti-social of ventures,
The consultant's intention is total abstention,
And dentists are gnashing their dentures.

To B.M.A. zealots State doctors are helots
Coerced by the Health Act commissioners,
And the force of discussion produces concussion
In wavering general practitioners.
The voice of *The Lancet* tells doctors to chance it,
Discounting hysterical rumour.
To the *Medical Journal* the Act is infernal
And Bevan a national tumour.

Insurance subscriptions mean care and prescriptions
From the Service erected to serve us,
The Act is essential to the patient potential,
But the national patient feels nervous.
If the care of the nation with State capitation
Gives M.D.s a seizure mysterious,
Their fevered condition arouses suspicion
That the doctors themselves are delirious.

The grounds of the quarrel, say doctors, are moral,
And their conflict with conscience is painful,
While the Government motion, with a sedative potion,
Finds B.M.A. diehards disDainful.
A mental obsession afflicts the profession
And drives them to lunacy's borders:
They swear they won't enter a medical centre
While Bevan defies doctors' orders.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each other entry printed.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

At the end of January people near Scarborough were claiming to have heard the first cuckoo. But this week Mr. Hezekiah Johnson, a corporation road cleaner, said: "I wait until a crowd gathers at the bus stop and then I go into the park near by and do the cuckoo. They all take it in." He added: "I used to do the nightingale when I had my teeth in."—*Evening Standard.* (T. Jacobs.)

After inquiries the police searched both hearse and coffin before allowing the vehicle to proceed. The reason they gave was that previously they had seen another hearse, complete with flowers, pass through a village several times. Eventually they noticed that the flowers were withering. They had stopped the hearse and ordered the coffin to be opened, and in it found four sides of bacon destined for the London black market.—*The Times.* (Ernest Vorhaus.)

In future a retired policeman will not be liable to lose his pension if he "knowingly consorts with thieves or reputed thieves." "If he likes to have a chat with former customers we shall not deprive him of his pension as a result," the Home Secretary, Mr. Chuter Ede, told the Commons yesterday. —*Daily Mirror.* (David Simon.)

Mrs. —— is trying to arrange what hospitality she can in this parish. If you can give any accommodation to a Bishop, no matter how small, during the months of July and August, will you write to her at Croydon.—*St. Peter's Parish Magazine, Croydon.* (John Brandon.)

SOUTH OF THE POTOMAC

TO the winter tourist, travelling like a swallow towards the sunshine, the South may be little more than a thousand miles of highway linking the Memorial Bridge across the Potomac at Washington to the beach at Miami. He can drive, as I have driven in the last few weeks, through Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia and see nothing but dense woods or the remnants of the tobacco and cotton crops standing in empty fields, or ramshackle farms and gas stations perched on the fringe of swamps. The towns will not attract him any more than the countryside, for each has the same main street, with its familiar neon signs and chain stores, that he has seen in a hundred other places. He will pause only for a good hotel or to visit some historic site. He has one eye on the road to Florida and the other on the speedometer which tells him how far he has already driven. But, if anything but mileage figures could impress him on his way, he might begin to realise how millions of citizens of the richest country in the world really live. Here the poverty of both Negro and White is paraded by the roadside. If you turn off on to the dirt tracks or go up to the hills, you find it worse, but hidden. Two generations of material progress separate the poor farmer and the shoppers buying electrical gadgets in the shiny stores of the town ten miles away. Here, a whole family may earn less each month than the weekly pay of an auto worker in Detroit.

* * *

If poverty and race relations are the Siamese-twin problems of the South, the former seems the easier to tackle. The war did a good deal to stimulate industrial development, but that boom is already past its peak. Manufacturers who moved down here in search of cheaper labour are finding that union organisers have followed them. Although the C.I.O. crusade in the South has not been a brilliant success, partly because it seeks to organise White and Negro workers on the basis of equality, it has made enough headway to scare a good many conservatives. But industrialisation is only part of the answer to the economic problem of the South, and its course will be neither simple nor swift. At present, it is producing almost as many frictions as it helps to remove. Mechanisation of agriculture is also important and may gradually raise living standards, but it is displacing more workers from the land. The Negroes, especially those who have some skill or education, are steadily moving northwards, which leaves the poor and semi-literate behind to complicate the issue.

Professor Howard Odum, one of the great sociologists of the South, suggested to me that the migration of the Negro to the North and West will force more States to face the race problem directly instead of evading it by criticising the South. A liberal by Southern standards, he is critical of liberals in the North who want to push through Federal laws abolishing all forms of segregation and establishing legal equality for the Negro. He says that race antagonisms are becoming sharper as the Negro becomes more articulate and that the attitude of many Southerners has been hardening under pressure from the North. "It is little use making speeches;" he said, "a culture is to a society what personality is to an individual. You can't change either by legislation alone. We need a functional approach to the problem. We must make a start by giving the coloured people better economic and educational opportunity within the framework of segregation." I heard this sort of opinion fairly frequently.

In North Carolina, Professor Odum's own State, some attempt is being made to carry out this policy. It has a fairly well-balanced and prosperous economy — Odum places strong emphasis on diversified production as the way forward for the South as a whole—and is more tolerant towards its Negro minority. It was there that a barber said to me: "We pay them better, we treat them better, so they make less trouble for us." A crude but succinct way of putting it.

I suppose most strangers in the South are surprised to discover how many people still feel that the Civil War is scarcely over. Though that state of mind is passing away, it cannot be dismissed as a mere pose. It survives because fear of the Negro and distrust of the North remain. It has dominated the life of most Southerners from childhood and, with the best will in the world, they find it hard to think outside that pattern. It is strong enough to capture even Yankee and English immigrants to the South. Charming and well-educated people will insist that Negroes are better off in the South than elsewhere and, in the same breath, add that it is morally wrong and futile to educate them since it makes them unsettled, unhappy and unfit for anything useful —namely, domestic service and manual labour. I was told many times, in different places, dramatically: "But the Negroes outnumber us." Confront your informant with the census figures that prove the contrary and he will politely but bluntly say you are wrong, or else change the subject. In one lovely town in South Carolina, whose grand mansions were not burnt by the Union armies, even liberals who were honestly trying to improve race relations were unable to tell me whether the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People had a local representative. "Even if we knew," I was told, "we could do nothing. Our professional careers would be finished here if it were known that we had any contact with a Negro community leader of that sort."

* * *

It is so easy for the outsider to cricitise the South, difficult for him to be fair, virtually impossible for him to suggest remedies. Yet the South is itself beginning to make the hard adjustments that have to come. You can find signs of the change in almost every community, in the churches, the trade unions and civic groups. At present there is no coherence. Reforms are being made on a piecemeal and local basis. The reformers have no common policy and no real contact with each other. One city, such as Savannah, may elect a progressive council which will appoint coloured policemen. Another may establish equal pay for White and Negro schoolteachers. The judiciary in one State may resist political pressure and insist that Negroes shall be permitted to vote in party primaries; in an Episcopal diocese, the synod may be mixed and Negro and White preachers may eat together during the luncheon recess. In many cases, it is not good intentions that are lacking, but knowledge of the real facts. Gunnar Myrdal may write a classic for a handful to read. It is local statistics that drive home the necessity of doing something about the most scandalous forms of racial discrimination.

* * *

A good example of this is a study of the Negro community in Jacksonville, Florida, prepared by a group of local social welfare agencies. This town is a port of some size and the gateway to Florida by road or rail. It is not a typical Southern town. It has grown rapidly. It has no ossified culture to shake off. It is an expanding industrial centre. It is prosperous. Of its total population of nearly 300,000, nearly one-third is coloured. In this modern and prosperous city there are 135 miles of unpaved streets in the Negro sections, one-quarter of which lack sewers and are flooded after rain. Of the houses Negroes inhabit, three-quarters are in poor repair, one-half below minimum standards, one-quarter unfit for human habitation. Half of them lack indoor water supply, bath or toilet. Half of them have no lighting facilities except kerosene lamps. The majority are overcrowded. Fifty-three dollars per year, in 1946, was spent on the education of each Negro child. Eighty-five dollars was spent on each White child. In a town where the heat is fairly great nine months of the year, there are no swimming-pools open to Negroes nor are they permitted on any of the adjacent sea beaches. There are 175 parks and open spaces for Whites: none for Negroes. Two hundred doctors care for the White population:

there are only ten Negro doctors. Six times as many Negroes die of tuberculosis as do Whites. The maternal and infantile mortality rates are twice as high for Negroes as for other citizens. These are stark figures, taken almost at random, and they tell their own story. This is one of the better towns in the South.

Many Negroes, however, feel personal discrimination more strongly than the material disabilities under which they suffer. "Some people," a Negro said to me, "talk of the kindly inhumanity of the White. What do you call it when buses refuse to stop for Negro passengers standing in the rain? What can you say when, after an accident, ambulances will come immediately and, if there are no White victims, will drive away leaving injured Negroes lying in the road? When you phone the police to say a Negro has been run over in the street and the cop says, 'Good, is he dead?'"

Many white people in the South to-day are honest, decent and confused. They hardly know where to begin. That leaves the running to the professional politician, to middle-class people who are as vituperous about the Jews and Franklin Roosevelt as they are about Negroes. But the social workers in Jacksonville, backed by a committee of citizens, have shown that a start can be made and they have begun to get results.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

THE OTHER HALF

PROBABLY most people who are not wage-earners, if they were asked what has happened to the distribution of incomes since 1939, would reply that the wage-earners were getting a great deal more, and the other classes a great deal less to-day. The statistics of national income give no support to this view. Despite full employment, which has, of course, the effect of increasing wage incomes, wages accounted, according to the official calculation, for 42.3 per cent. of the national income in 1946, as compared with 41.4 per cent. in 1938. Salaries, on the other hand, were down from 25.3 per cent. to 21.0 per cent.; and the share of rent, interest and profits (including farmers' and professional earnings) had risen from 33.3 per cent. to 36.7 per cent, These, of course, are the figures before taxation; and if taxes on income (but not other taxes) are taken into account, the result looks rather more favourable to wages and salaries, and rather less favourable to other incomes. The official calculations for the three groups are 39, 24 and 37 per cent. in 1938, and 44, 23 and 33 per cent. in 1946. It is, however, entirely illegitimate to reckon in this way without taking account of indirect taxation. For 1946, even after deducting subsidies amounting to £360 millions, indirect taxes levied on private incomes added up to £1,180 millions, of which by far the largest part was borne by the wage- and salary-earners. Wages and salaries certainly absorbed a smaller proportion of total personal incomes than in 1938; wages, without salaries, certainly took no larger a proportion.

It is necessary to keep recalling these statistical facts to the numerous persons who keep crying out about inflation as if it were mainly a problem of swollen wages. This is very far from being the case; indeed, it is astonishing that under the prevailing conditions of full employment, with a Labour Government in power, wages have risen so little. This is a tribute to the moderation displayed by Trade Union leaders and a sign of their anxiety to do nothing to embarrass the Government; but it is also a sign that the general run of Trade Union members have been equally anxious not to prejudice the Government's chances; for without their co-operation the leaders could not have acted as they have done. The Trade Unions have been so much abused for their resistance to a "national wages policy" that it is only fair to remind their critics that the alternative actually followed has been that of keeping wage demands down to the minimum compatible with the avoidance of revolt.

This is one side of the story, and a very important side not to forget. The other side, which is stressed in the Government's White Paper, is tha: any increase in total spendable incomes, whoever gets it, is bound, as matters stand, to raise prices somewhere, because there are no more goods on which it can be spent—and would be no more, except as necessary incentives to production, even if total output were substantially raised.

The reason, of course, is that, at present, Great Britain is not paying its way, and that, accordingly, the additional goods would have to be exported in payment for the maintenance of the present rate of imports. It follows, as the Government quite rightly points out, that any general increase in spendable incomes, unless it were all saved, would be bound to have an inflationary effect by sending more money chasing after the same (or even a reduced) supply of goods in the home market.

This displeasing generalisation applies, however, to spendable incomes as a whole, and not to wages (or to salaries) in particular. The figures of income distribution, which can hardly have altered appreciably to the wage or salary earners' advantage in 1947, lend no support to the view that equity will be served by cutting down real wages and doing nothing, or nothing much, about other incomes. Yet, manifestly, a freezing of money wages will mean, if other things remain as they are, a quite sharp fall in real wages. Subsidies have been pegged at a fixed total; the large increases to which Great Britain has been compelled to agree in the prices of imported foodstuffs will soon react, a good deal more than they have yet, on the cost of living; and the wage-earners, as well as other people with limited incomes, will feel the effect, even if total supplies can be maintained at roughly the present level. If supplies fall, and rations have to be reduced, the fall in real incomes will come in a different way; but it will come all the same.

This country is, in fact, facing a situation in which, until and unless Marshall aid is made available on a really generous scale—too generous to be reckoned on, or perhaps even hoped for—some fall in the *average* standard of living is absolutely unavoidable for the time being. The question then is, who is to bear the brunt? Clearly, a large part must fall on the working classes, whatever policy is adopted; for if goods are really short, there is no way of exempting the most numerous class from the effects. The wage and salary earners, however, will be quite right to insist in such a situation on not being called upon to bear the whole burden, or even a share in it proportionate to their numbers, and to demand that, if they are to accept a cut in real wages, the classes that can better afford a cut shall not be let off lightly.

If temporary freezing of wages, save in exceptional cases, is necessary—and I do not dispute it—I feel pretty sure that the Government will not be allowed to get away with it unless it also launches a direct attack on other forms of income. A mere announcement of the intention to legislate against monopolies and profiteering will by no means fill the bill, desirable though such legislation is. The workers, I believe, will rightly demand something which hits at the wealthier classes as a whole, and not only at exceptional groups of exploiters. A capital levy, were it on a sufficient scale, would provide a part of the answer that is needed; but it may be necessary, in addition, to put definite restrictions on dividends and to snatch back some of the surplus that is finding its way into the hands of all sorts of dealers, as well as of farmers, on the white as well as the black market.

Maybe, the Government is planning to do some of these things in the forthcoming Budget. If so, it would have been infinitely better to wait till then, and to launch its new wages policy at the same time. For, until positive measures for dealing with other incomes are proposed, nothing can prevent the White Paper from giving the impression that it is mainly wages that are under attack.

Moreover, apart from the wider question, there is at least one respect in which the White Paper does not seem to make sense. The Government begins by asserting that the existing "traditional and customary relations between personal incomes in different occupations have no necessary relevance to modern conditions." It would be natural to expect that such a statement would lead up to a proposal for altering these traditional relationships, so as to bring them into better conformity to the needs of to-day. But, except for a reference to wage increases needed to "man up" undermanned industries, no such proposal is made.

If wages and salaries are generally to be frozen, readjustment of relative incomes can come about only by reducing those incomes which are regarded as too high; but the Government can hardly suppose that this will be the effect of its re-expressed determination not to interfere directly, "otherwise than by taxation." If relative incomes are really all wrong in the light of modern needs, and if increases are ruled out, save in a few exceptional cases, the logical course would surely be to draw up a new schedule of relative incomes and to introduce it by official action—in other words, to adopt a "national wages policy" in the most extreme form. Far from proposing this, the Government seems to be merely trying to stop increases by exhortation, backed by undefined threats. These threats, as far as they are directed at the employers, are, in effect, simply and solely inducements to stand pat against wage demands, with the assurance of Government support for the employer who resists Trade Union pressure. But how, either in equity or as a matter of practical politics, can the Government possibly stand behind the employers in this way, unless it can really make the main body of its supporters, who are the Trade Unionists and their friends, believe that they are getting a square deal? It is not enough to prove that, as matters stand, the real national income is bound to fall in terms of what we can afford to consume; the more convincingly that is demonstrated the more will the Trade Unions rightly insist on not being singled out to stand the racket.

Let us have, then, without more delay, the other half of the Government's policy—for I cannot bring myself to believe that the White Paper is meant to be anything like the whole, or that an anti-monopoly Bill will be regarded as a sufficient makeweight. Unless this other half is speedily forthcoming, the White Paper, far from having the results which the Government hopes for, is much more likely to blow sky-high both the Government's economic plans and its electoral prospects.

G. D. H. COLE.

VISIT TO SPAIN

(*The writer is Conservative M.P. for Isle of Thanet*)

WHEN I crossed the Franco-Spanish frontier in my car at Irun, at the back of my mind, I think, was the idea that I would find the sort of cold inhuman military efficiency that used to characterise Nazi Germany. As the barriers rose, and I passed on to Spanish soil, I realised how utterly wrong I was. The heel-clicking Nazi was conspicuous by his absence, and the only two representatives of the Guarda Civile presented faces that had not come in contact with a razor for at least three days. Passing through the Customs was a mere formality and, apart from the huge official picture of Franco hanging on the wall, I would have been hard put to it to remember that I was entering the last bastion of Fascism in Europe. "This," I thought, "is going to be a hard country to sum up."

To the casual tourist, Spain would appear to be the perfect musical-comedy Dictatorship. The inefficiency, at least on the surface, is indescribable, and the controls and restrictions on daily life would make our own Government by comparison seem to be completely anti-controlminded. But, apart from this, there is one vital difference in the matter of controls. Ours, in the main, have some reason for their existence, whether you agree with that reason or not, and they do for the most part work. Many of the Spanish restrictions have no reason, and hardly any of them work at all.

For instance, I was told with great pride of the food rationing system in force, ensuring fair shares for all. But this won't for a moment stand closer inspection. No one knows until the week commences what is going to be on the ration. Some weeks there may be some meat, others none at all. The only thing that is really certain is that the ration for any one week would not keep body and soul together for more than the first two or three days. This means, of course, that everyone must buy in the black market, which is indeed abundantly stocked with every conceivable sort of food—at a price. Sugar and meat are about £1 a kilo.

I inquired of one shopkeeper about this black market, and he assured me that it was completely legal—provided that a suitable cash present was made from time to time to the local food officer. The present, in his case, he explained, amounted to about 5 per cent. of his profits. It would be unwise not to give this, as otherwise the shopkeeper might well find himself prosecuted for dealing in the black market.

It is obvious from this that the working man does not live well; and signs of malnutrition are very obvious. A member of the middle classes who had recently been to England put the case in a nutshell. He said to me: "If you are a rich man in Spain, you live five hundred times better than you would in England, but if you are poor then you live a thousand times worse." In fact, the food situation is used by the Government as a very useful weapon to "keep the working classes in their place." I inquired into the strikes among municipal workers that had taken place before my visit in Bilbao. I learned on good authority that very little physical action had been taken against the strikers except a few ringleaders. Nothing "bad" was done, the Civil Governor's department told me; only the strikers' extra rations, given to them as municipal workers, were taken away from them for a period. That may not sound too harsh on the face of it; but, when you realise that these extra rations made all the difference to the men between living and starving, you begin to appreciate that what the Government was really doing was to starve them into acquiescence.

The same callous inefficiency was apparent in other phases of Spanish life. There was a shortage, I found, of building materials, and thus work on houses for the ordinary man was virtually at a standstill. But there was plenty of materials for new clubs, banks and government offices. I went into a large bank in Barcelona to cash a traveller's cheque; and, while waiting for my money, I got into conversation with the cashier, who had been to England before the first world war. He asked me if we had as fine a bank in England as the one I was now in. I admitted that I did not think we had. He then said: "We're very proud of it. It has taken a long while to complete, and we've only just moved in." I told him that this seemed odd to an Englishman. We were also suffering from a shortage of materials for building, and any sort of luxury building was forbidden, as the materials available were needed for houses. He looked puzzled. "Oh, we don't need houses," he said. "Everyone has at least two chateaux." I hastened to explain that I did not mean mansions but houses, to let, for the ordinary man in the street. He regarded me as if I was an utter lunatic and sighed: "In England you do things in a very funny way, in Spain we are much more logical. The people who have the money build. Since they have the money, what in Heaven's name would they build but banks?"

This is modern Spain. A farcical dictatorship for the tourist; a hell for the working man of the country.

EDWARD CARSON

The Arts and Entertainment

THE THEATRE

"The Indifferent Shepherd," at the Criterion

"The Government Inspector," at the New

Mr. Peter Ustinov, shedding some of the extravagances of his earlier work, has given us in *The Indifferent Shepherd* an old-fashioned, "well-made" play. The clergy are usually, for some reason, curiously embarrassing stage presences, and it is an indication of Mr. Ustinov's command that we accept them here from the very start as convincing human beings with convincing problems. This is the result partly of dramatizing an interesting and a genuine clash between opposite temperaments: partly of sheer good writing. Incurably literary, I must confess to finding this quality important in the theatre as elsewhere. One can listen with pleasure to Mr. Ustinov's lines. They are well balanced, pointed, and apt. By the same token he has always made the mistake of fancying himself on a line of emotive prose: the fortunately few pieces here—the poetics of his young man and the eulogy of the sexual act in the last scene—are embarrassing.

The clash of temperaments we witness is between the ineffective sensibility of a country vicar and the insensitive efficiency of his brother-in-law, an ex-padre staying at the vicarage; and the tension is created by engaging all our sympathies for the vicar and at the same time forcing us to the reluctant admission that the padre's efficiency is necessary to cope with the problem that reaches its climax in the big second act. As in many "well-made" plays the third act where the ends are tied up is less successful. The country vicar's hard, unsympathetic wife is an insoluble problem, and it is bad enough to have to persuade us of her change of heart. But the act really falters because, in this private reconciliation between husband and wife, the clash of temperaments that is the heart of the play no longer signifies; the efficient padre has suddenly to be dropped. This makes the last act lame, although not lame enough to spoil a most entertaining evening.

Miss Gladys Cooper may with some justice complain that she has not a big enough part, but what she has to do she does with a noticeable professional incisiveness. In her acting it is (to adapt a musical term) the phrasing that is so just. She begins, she finishes off; there are no loose ends. Still, the real meat, one must admit, is Mr. Francis Lister's country vicar. A really perfect performance his, sketched in with many of the happiest touches of small gesture and the shadows of face-play, and a totally endearing deprecatory charm. Mr. Andrew Cruikshank's padre I found unconvincing. Fewer tricks with his mouth and his glasses and his chin would, I am sure, improve the effect. The play is well served in the smaller roles, particularly Mr. Peter Street's shrinking young man, done better than I remember seeing this modern stock-part done. And one word for Mr. Norman Marshall's production, and one further word against the real live rain which, pattering down in the second act, added nothing but anxiety (were the arrangements for disposing of it all, one couldn't help wondering, entirely water-tight?) Once our interest is caught in the theatre, as it was here, we are ready to believe what we are told. Demonstration is unnecessary.

That brings us aptly on to the Old Vic's *The Government Inspector,* where the producer has tried to demonstrate so much too much. He has tried by devices to prove the play is funny; and it is just the devices that prevent it being so. If indeed one thought this play to be really a "one-acter" spun out into three—containing only one good joke which palls long before the end—then I suppose there might be something to be said for treating it as Mr. Burrell has treated it. Tricking it out, that is to say, with the kind of settings and clothes which are sometimes called "a delight to the eye": fabricating for the provincial parts make-ups like protuberating gargoyles (how dearly Mr. Burrell loves a false nose) and padding out generally with lots of "comic business," grimacings, waddlings, hoppings, lollopings and rollings—no one ever walks in this production. Yet the means defeat the end. Far from saving us from the danger of *longueurs,* this simply creates them. Once we have taken in the dresses, the stomaches, the grotesqueries, we are left with mere marionnettes on our hands and the problem of the play still to be faced. For Mr. Burrell must know as well as I do that a comic nose may add to a comic character but has never created one. There are, in the text, real characters, quite fully developed, and in a real predicament—a set of corrupt bureaucrats caught on the hop by the projected visit of an Inspector from Petersburg, and, in their panic, mistaking a penniless clerk for the official they have good reason to fear. What a pity that all the ingenuity, imagination and time was not spent, as Gogol warned us it should be spent, on creating characters instead of caricatures. His view of it is included alongside the text which the Old Vic used (published by the Sylvan Press, 12s. 6d.). He says:—

> The main thing to guard against is caricature. There must be nothing exaggerated or trivial even in the characters of low social class, e.g., the petitioners in Act III. The less the actor thinks about being funny, the funnier his role will be. The humour will be measured by the seriousness, the absorption in his own affairs, which each character shows in his face.

As an example of Mr. Burrell's bland disregard of this advice, consider his treatment of the petitioners mentioned by Gogol. These shopkeepers are made to kneel with their faces on the floor, chanting their complaints mock-liturgically with Mr. Guinness chanting back as the priest. Certainly there are opportunities for farce in this play; the tweedledum and tweedledee gossips, for instance, seem to me legitimate. But to make completely incredible guys of all the provincial parts makes dullness inevitable. So little of this part of the play reaches us that Mr. Ivor Brown in *The Observer* quite seriously suggests that the producer should cut, as boring, the last scene; the scene where the impostor having vanished, his victims are left licking their wounds until they are interrupted by the dramatic announcement that the real Inspector-General has arrived. This is certainly a more drastic comment on Mr. Burrell's production than anything I can think of. All we manage to rescue from the play is the half which tells of a clerk with an overdraft, suffering from *folie de grandeur,* to whom Providence hands a marvellous chance of playing out his fantasies aloud to a credulous audience. This part of the play Mr. Alec Guinness came quite near giving us a version of; but he could not be unaffected by the follies of the rest of the production. He missed, it seemed to me, some of the fun of trying out his lies, starting one, stopping it, essaying a bigger and a better, and seeing how that went. Still he had good moments and good touches (such as his little drops into glumness) and his ambassadorial reception of the bureaucrats where he "touches" each of them for a loan was excellent. A performance that one feels would have been better if it had been allowed to be. About the taste of Mr. Topolski's dresses and costumes there may be room for two opinions. About their hopeless inappropriateness there can be only one

T. C. WORSLEY.

MARC CHAGALL AT THE TATE GALLERY

THE Surrealists, touchy as Communists about the history of their movement, agree that Chagall and Chirico were the first artists in the days before 1914 to take from dreams the main subjects of their pictures. In so doing they lit a fuse which has touched off many pretty rockets, maroons and Roman candles, as well as some very noisy squibs. Their use of these fantasies added a wide new realm of subject matter to the painters' territory, whose small range before the last century seems incredible in 1948. It is a realm devoid of logic, of reality in time or space, unbound by natural laws like the law of gravity, or by the rules of perspective. Thirty years ago this seemed like madness, but it is a commonplace to-day that painters are free to depict anything within the powers of human consciousness. What matters is the dish produced with the new or the old ingredients.

There is however, for the painter, a difference in kind between the features of the dream world within and the natural world without. Dream images are symbols of emotions, somehow related to experiences in the conscious world. And what, after all, is that but one definition of the material for a picture? Some painters, astounded to discover that each night they were seeing involuntarily the very shapes of their emotions when awake, that the images they strove to capture in their studios were to be found lying like piles of letters on the breakfast table, believed that a transcription of these visions, the more literal the better, must *ipso facto* constitute a work of art. Though staunch surrealists hate to admit it, the experiment failed: and the failure proved that in the creation of expressive forms, whatever their origin, hand and eye must always be guided by a conscious mind. Picasso himself, the master-builder, soon became chary of using such prefabricated components in his art at all.

Not that the dream subject is without its charms. Forms and colours run riot in the world of fantasy, and the artist still retains the power, which he renounces in abstract painting, of playing freely upon associated ideas and feelings in the spectator's mind. In Chagall's dreamland a man with a bird's head is hardly a surprise. But such delightful follies can be pushed too far and when he turns a head, bird or human, upside down on normal shoulders, we suspect the conjuror of cheating.

Visitors to the Tate Gallery exhibition (open until February 29th) will find the walls giving off a carnival jollity: they will feel they have stepped into the first scene of Petrushka. There is a dazzle of elementary colours, familiar clowns and animals are all topsy turvy, the rooms throb in a general air of levitation and irresponsibility. Chagall's dreams are what the average man, perhaps too innocently, associates with healthy children, not with the neurotic specialities of Dr. Freud. A Russian street in the snow, the priest, the poor fiddler, the moon, the cow, the chicken: and, as if bestowing and receiving the scene's happy glow, three people—the painter, painting; the happy artist; and his love. All the cast, which is monotonously small, whirl about in the picture space, appearing sometimes large, sometimes small, now with two profiles, now decapitated. Wherever an inch or two is untenanted this exuberant artist tucks in another image. Aesthetically the forms are unrelated and utter confusion would reign but for the clever balance of bright, crude colours. Many shapes are broken by a chalky whitening at the edges or in the centre, a device Chagall must have invented to give the three dimensional depth which his drawing rarely achieves. The pale patches lend his scenes a weird incandescent light, enhancing the illusion of a dream, but further dislocating any possible unity in the composition. All these big expressionist pictures are coarse and unrestrained, overcharged with detail. How we should welcome a little of the discretion and sensibility of Matisse.

Only two of the pictures here shown precede Chagall's arrival in Paris in 1910 at the age of twenty-one. Cubist influence helped for a time to organise the jumble he was already painting, but the lines of its scaffolding failed to prop so many motifs into a coherent whole. His belief in the intrinsic value of dream symbols drowned the integrity of his vision. Tricks such as showing the unborn young (calf in cow, child in woman, egg in hen) are trotted out to astonish us—this stunt unjustified by the fertility cult which inspired it forty thousand years before in the caves of the Dordogne. After wartime troubles, Chagall returned to France, and in the late 'twenties his private life reached a happy calm which is clearly reflected in simpler, less agitated paintings. *Homage to the Eiffel Tower*, with trees growing horizontally from each side of the frame, is a lovely decoration. The pear-shaped *Basket of Fruit* (No. 36) shows an unwonted refinement, and *Pig Drinking* (No. 30, not oh not No. 29) is a little masterpiece. As a demonstration of how beautifully Chagall can still paint, the tiny bowl in No. 58 should be examined. Consolation may also be found in the ballet designs and the etched illustrations for the Bible. But, as we turn from the screens on which they hang, we are slapped in the face by the vortex of symbols, blaring out messages which may intrigue Freudian scientists and American women's clubs, but can give little pleasure to lovers of fine painting .

EARDLEY KNOLLYS

RADIO NOTES

"THIS week we begin our study of the Victorian idea of progress. Progress. I will write that on the blackboard. Pee ar oh gee ar ee double-ess, progress. From the Latin *progredior, progredi, progressus,* to come, or go, forth, out, on, or forward; to march on, or along. The Victorian idea of progress—You, Salter, miserable boy, where is your exercise-book? Why are you not making notes? Come, boy; life cannot be all Dick Barton. Think of the Certificate. . . . ." We are, in short, doing the Victorian idea of progress; Dr. Trevelyan has already taken us twice. At first it seemed a little chilling: nine talks in eight days and more to come, with the inevitable quotations from *In Memoriam;* how could it avoid smacking of a University Extension series? One could not well see how repetition was to be evaded, and one feared, particularly after the symposium introducing it all, that it might become little more than an exercise in nostalgia. But with Professor Woodward's admirable talk, "1851: The Visibility of Progress," the grand design of the project, of which the talks on the idea of progress are merely a part, became apparent, and one realised how bold and imaginative was the Talks Department's plan. How exciting it has become now, after the introductory talks have kindled one's enthusiasm, the prospect of a thorough-going analysis from all angles of an epoch so close to us and yet so remote. In that analysis the readings from the Victorians, illustrating how they saw themselves and their age, should be no less important than the talks. One does hope, however, that when Professor Woodward next quotes Sophocles he will be so obliging as to offer a translation for the benefit of that wretched minority of listeners which has no Greek.

It was wise of Mr. Patric Dickinson to assure us beforehand, in the *Radio Times,* that his new play, "The Stone in the Midst," "is not to be taken as a Right-Wing gesture, but rather as a statement of values." His theme is the position of the artist in an increasingly regimented state. On a first hearing one admired greatly the clarity and precise visual imagery of Mr. Dickinson's verse, as well as Mr. Rawsthorne's most effective piano music, an integral part of the play; but for me the mechanics of the fable prevented any suspension of disbelief in it. Mr. Dickinson sees his artists as a resistance movement fighting an underground war against an occupying army; and his presentation of this aesthetic Maquis ranged against a philistine Gestapo might have been acceptable, even though one found it neither more nor less convincing than that which any competent writer could be expected to produce after seeing half a dozen films of the French Resistance movement and reading as many novels. But the setting of the struggle raised the whole question of probability, which is fatal in a work of symbolism. For Mr. Dickinson sets his struggle in England in July, 1948—in five months' time. By then, it appears, we shall be occupied by the Philistines, who will be busy suppressing the free enterprise of the artist with firing squad and torture chamber. "The nation's herded in a ration camp," says one of the characters, and Mr. Dickinson's theme was overlaid by querulous diatribes against food-rationing, the ban on foreign travel, cinemas, crooners and plastics, which at times he seemed almost to equate in loathsomeness with the evils of Gestapo-rule. Miss Gladys Young and Mr. Carleton Hobbs gave the distinguished performances we now take for granted; Mr. Anthony Quayle's seemed designed for the stage rather than the microphone.

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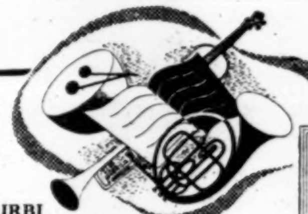

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CONCERT DRAMAS

On Wednesday of last week the Albert Hall was a curious sight. On a square platform stood Miss Constance Cummings, impersonating the Claudel-Honegger heroine of *Jeanne d'Arc au bûcher*, and declaiming with conviction and fire a perfectly memorised text. Beside her, script in hand, stood Mr. Valentine Dyall, making as near a shot at a Dominican friar as full evening dress and the well-known "Appointment with Fear" *basso profundo* would allow. Immediately facing Mr. Basil Cameron, who conducted, sat M. Martenot d'Auriol, conjuring out of the electronic instrument which bears his family name remarkable banshee wailings. On the other side was ranged a large assortment of singers and script-declaiming radio-actors, always ready to oblige with animal imitations, bad jokes in dog Latin, or spirited dialectics like this: *Voice A:* "I have lost—I mean to say that I have won"; *Voice B:* "I have won—I mean to say that I have lost." Behind them the B.B.C. chorus ascended in tiers, muttering, whispering and sometimes shouting accusations at Miss Cummings; there was a glorious moment when they all stood up, an actor roared "Sit down!", and down, obediently, they sat; though whether this was an intentional joke, and if so what was its point, was more than the delighted audience could discover. Over against them, representing more innocent types, and therefore allotted the more pleasing bits of music (mostly arrangements of French folk-song), sat a white-clad contingent from the Mary Datchelor Girls' School, and at their feet a solitary little dinner-jacketed boy, in fact our old friend Master David Spenser of *Albert Herring*, who jumped up twice in the course of the evening, flourished his script, shouted a few excitable words, and subsided.

I should not make fun of the unwieldy apparatus demanded (and nobly provided by the B.B.C.) if anything aesthetically worth-while had emerged, or if I could believe that the work would seem appreciably better when given on the stage (as it sometimes has been, with Mme Ida Rubinstein). But in this long hotchpotch of singing, shouting, speaking and incidental music the component parts, however good they were, would be bound to cancel out. And just how good are they? Doubtless M. Claudel's original text possesses virtues lost in the process of translation; but when this latest Joan begins rhapsodising about the robin redbreasts and the "naughty little breezes" of her pastoral childhood, it's hard not to suspect the old sham-Wordsworthian mixture as before, jazzed up on this occasion by liberal doses of the satiric "modernity" of 1925. Jazzed is no idle word, for M. Honegger sets most of the ironical scenes (a trial before a court of animals and a mad game of cards) to popular dance rhythms, which he handles as skilfully as he has always done—but to what effect? It's not beautiful, and the shock wore off twenty years ago. The beginning and the end provide a few pages of gentle, lyrical solemnity; in between, specimens of every type of musical "build-up" known to our mechanical age jostle one another, so that the score might serve as a useful compendium for the young film or radio composer.

At the Central Hall a few days earlier, another dramatic cantata was given, by another and much less well known French-Swiss composer; this was *Le Vin Herbé*, a setting by Frank Martin of parts of Joseph Bédier's lovely prose reconstruction of the Tristan and Iseult legend. M. Martin's demands are modest: seven strings, a piano and twelve voices (a few more of these were used in the Morley College performance). I never think that there is any great virtue in austerity for its own sake, and the general scheme, for all the skill and beauty and fine taste of its realisation, did seem at times to be dangerously uniform. All the same, one cannot avoid contrasting the lucky-dip free-for-all *Jeanne d'Arc* with the clear lines, shapeliness and civilised sensibility of *Le Vin Herbé*. Not only the text itself, but M. Martin's approach and choice of forces are at the furthest remove from Wagner's treatment; the most evident musical resemblance is to Debussy, though this is largely a matter of the vocal declamation, which must make a truly exquisite effect with the original French text. The legend is told in a grave, almost wholly non-polyphonic style; the layout is exquisite; the harmony coils and uncoils itself within strict limitations, but often with most poignant effect. Monotony is neither eschewed nor altogether avoided; but it is the sweet, noble monotony of the flatter stretches of the *Fairie Queene*. The great moments (the first kiss of the lovers, their successive deaths) evoke music of rare and searching beauty; though even here it is the restrained beauty of the decorated missal rather than the effectively lit beauty of the stage. Walter Goehr handled this small masterpiece with his usual skill, and the protagonists were finely delineated by Victoria Sladen and Richard Lewis.

* * *

It must be a long time since opera-goers have found all four of Mozart's mature masterpieces simultaneously in the London repertory. *Così fan tutte* now joins *Figaro* at Sadler's Wells: a careful and well-balanced performance under James Robertson, in which the best features are the Dorabella of Anna Pollak and the Guglielmo of Frederick Sharp. At the other houses, both *Don Giovanni* and *The Magic Flute* have been almost completely recast. The Papageno of Arnold Maters is an immense improvement on his Covent Garden predecessor, and the pure line and soft delicate tones of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's Pamina provide a rare pleasure for which the keen Mozartian will gladly endure some grave weaknesses elsewhere in the cast. At the Cambridge Theatre Martin Lawrence makes, both vocally and dramatically, a splendid Leporello, and Elizabeth Theilmann a praiseworthy Elvira; Margherita Grandi ought to be an outstanding Donna Anna, but last week she was as yet nothing like inside the skin of the part.

Desmond Shawe-Taylor

THE MOVIES

"The Swordsman," at the Empire

What, no film? Yes, at the last moment, whisking a tearful and half-resurrected Mrs. Miniver out through the back door, the Empire comes to our rescue with bold, bad melodrama. So, for one week at any rate, danger has been averted; the terrible threat of "nothing new." How will film-fans accommodate themselves, in the months of famine ahead, to that feeling? Will they queue a little less, and consider a little more? Fashions, wisecracks, tunes, styles of toughness and kissing—for so long Hollywood has provided a sort of cavalcade of manners that they will be sorely missed by the star-struck. Shall we have wholesale revivals of Crosby, Shirley Temple in curls again, the whole Tarzan epic from beginning to end?

But among films that *are* revivable, there is a far livelier sense of circulation. At the moment—and this is hardly accident—as many good films are to be found by looking down the advertisement columns as ever. I may mention outside the first runs, *La Femme du Boulanger* (Everyman), *Mine Own Executioner* (Ritz), *Shoeshine* (Carlton, Tottenham Court Rd.); and soon perhaps, everywhere, the tied houses may find themselves willy-nilly adopting the policy of the free.

Meanwhile, as the very latest thing in dollars, there's *The Swordsman*. Almost any filmgoer, of whatever camp, can be amused both by it and at it. The picture of Scotland—all Mediterranean skies, bagpipes, tartans, pines, and sun-scorched sands—should start a new northward surge in holiday movements; and Hollywood has set out to make its clan feuds as thrilling as early pioneer days. What Highland flings! What thunderbolts of horses! What a pibroch and a pickle! My chief complaint against these adventurous and warlike clansmen is that their strategy is as weak as their sense of period. I swear I could have got into Castle MacGurk (or whatever it was) at any time by merely stepping through a window from the lawn.

William Whitebait

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RECORD SALES

The 39th annual ordinary general meeting of F. W. Woolworth and Co., Ltd., will be held in London on Feb. 27.

The following is an extract from the statement by the chairman, Mr. W. L. Stephenson, circulated with the report for the year to Dec. 31, 1947:

The sales figures attained constitute a record in the 39 years of the company's existence. These figures were, of course, influenced by the increase in the purchase tax, brought about in the latter part of the year, but to exactly what extent I am unable to say. The continuance of wartime restrictions and limitation of supplies, necessitated by the serious economic difficulties revealed during the year, prolonged a condition whereby only limited supplies were available for home consumption. None of us can doubt the urgency of transposing our productive labour into terms of dollars. The company, I am satisfied, obtained its fair share of such goods as were available.

Despite the fact that there has been no noticeable freeing of supplies in many of our staple items, you will see that the year's trading has resulted in a profit of £9,603,834, an increase of £455,477 over the previous year. This establishes a new record for your company, and was effected at a margin of profit even lower than that of 1946.

Last year I advised you that the board had decided to limit the selling price in Woolworth Stores to a 5s. ceiling. The increase in the purchase tax on some items has compelled us to exceed this limit, but as a policy we shall continue to operate, with few exceptions, within the 5s. limit.

Turning to the accounts, I have already referred to the net profit. Whilst the increase is not as great as that of the previous year, being only 4.98 per cent., as against 26.19 per cent., there are factors to take into consideration. The 1947 figures are an improvement on what was a record showing. Secondly, the much larger sales were obtained on a lower ratio of gross profit, and, thirdly, the cost of operation was very considerably greater. In all the circumstances, I suggest that this is a healthy and highly satisfactory result.

The recommendations of the board include a final dividend on the Ordinary stock of 1s. 9d. per unit, with a cash bonus of 1s. per unit, both less income tax. This gives the Ordinary stockholder a total distribution for the year of 3s. 6d. per unit, less income tax, the same as for the previous year. There is an amount of £8,117,545 to be carried forward to next year's account, compared with £8,082,220 brought in from 1946.

We are now embarked on the 40th year of the company's career. It would be foolhardy to predict the trade trends in the home market. I can, however, assure the stockholders that the board continues to provide, in ample measure, reserves of financial strength and constantly to give attention to welding the personnel into a very effective organisation. There is much room for improvement, both in the character of the merchandise and in the premises, fixtures and fittings, and when the time comes we are ready to undertake the task.

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BEECHAM'S POWDERS

Correspondence

WESTERN UNION

SIR,—Mr. Kenneth Ingram is to be congratulated on his attempt to clear up the confusion created by Mr. Bevin's speech on Western Union—confusion which I am afraid the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has only darkened by its ambiguity about what Mr. Bevin really meant.

The whole mystery could be easily cleared up if the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION would admit that, like Mr. Crossman, it has deliberately misinterpreted Mr. Bevin in the fond hope that, if enough people can be persuaded to accept the misinterpretation as the truth, Mr. Bevin will ultimately be induced to accept it himself. For I am quite sure that you know as well as I do that the one and only solid thing which emerged from what you describe as Mr. Bevin's "vague declarations" was the proposal for defence pacts with the countries of Western Europe. This, too, was the interpretation placed upon the speech by Secretary Marshall, who stated at his Press conference on January 28th that the British Foreign Secretary's proposals "for a Western European defence pact" had been communicated to him before they were announced in the House of Commons.

What makes these proposals dangerous is not merely that all Socialist content is missing from Mr. Bevin's Western Union, but much more that they are backed by a tacit Anglo-American military alliance and that the Soviet Union is clearly indicated as the potential enemy. In other words, they put us right in the American camp in the cold war now running between the two Great Powers, and reinforce the division of the world into two hostile Blocs, with no independent, mediating forces between them.

The one hope of preventing war is that Britain and a number of other nations maintain, or achieve, sufficient independence of either Bloc to be able to promote fear-reducing solutions of the problems which divide the two contending parties. Mr. Crossman, in his speech in the Foreign Affairs Debate, completely threw away Britain's independence and her chance of exercising a mediating role when he incorrectly posed as a major premise that Britain and Western Europe are inevitably in the American strategic sphere. It would, indeed, be truer to say that Western Europe is inevitably in the Soviet strategic sphere, and that the British Isles will inevitably be a focal point of conflict between the rival strategic spheres. But whichever premise is the more correct, *neither* ought to lead us to the conclusion that we should allow ourselves to be involved, here and now, in military alliances which make it impossible for us to conduct an independent Foreign Policy and which can only make a fatal conflict more probable.

If you want to create a "sharp dividing line" between the policy of military containment of Russia and a genuinely Socialist approach to Western Union you can do it quite easily by returning to the policy which the "Keep Left" group was advocating fifteen months ago: the policy of breaking our military tie-up with the United States and of entering into planned economic relations with all countries which accept the methods of Socialist economic planning. It is because the "Keep Left" group has so quickly wearied of the struggle for this policy that Mr. Bevin is able to get away with an anti-Soviet defence Bloc in the guise of a Western Union.

House of Commons. WILLIAM WARBEY

THE RUSSIA COMPLEX

SIR,—Psychological jargon is not needed to explain the latter-day attitude of a large proportion of the Labour Party to the U.S.S.R. The liberal-individualist heritage of the party (which has never had the Marxist inspiration of most Continental parties) rendered it inevitable that sooner or later non-liberal developments in Russia should be condemned. At first it was comforting to ignore the difference, but the illusion could not be maintained: the Russian question was inseparable from Socialist tactics as a whole; and, from a reformist point of view, hostility was inevitable. Disillusion breeds bitterness.

The intellectual's role is almost another problem and Mr. Cranston rightly notes the craving for *belief*. The intellectual had lost his function. Faced with the appalling futility of his own ego he was stranded high and dry in a Waste Land obstinately sterile. (Palinurus has no illusions about Humanism as a religion.) For such a one, Marxism (quite apart from Russia) had a fatal attraction—fatal because usually there was no escape for the individualist from his liberal foundations. The Spanish war and, later, the World War, offered a temporary solution for many; and nowadays the state of mind is less common because illusions have been destroyed. Nevertheless, the neurosis remains. Koestler has analysed the matter exhaustively but nothing more; the solution is not there. Indeed, various forms of "cryptoism" are inescapable in an age of readjustment and will continue until the conflicts producing them are resolved. To ignore this and to single out a "Russia complex" suggests an even greater repression.

Clearly the trouble is not political in a narrow sense. The struggle revolves round what were once fashionably called bourgeois and are currently known as Western values. For those who wholeheartedly accept absolute values and unchanging moral law no problem occurs. For instance, from a non-relativist standpoint the countries of Eastern Europe stand condemned; as the Prime Minister has said they are "at the end of the queue" in the fight for human progress. But, willy-nilly, people to-day have absorbed relativist ideas, and do not accept moralities detached from time and circumstance. It is this difference which separates the Right and the Left wings of social democracy. This is a European phenomenon and all talk of Utopia in Britain is irrelevant; the vacuum is still there and Fabians fail to fill it.

RONALD C. BENGE

PALESTINE

SIR,—The world press has widely printed John Steinbeck's account of the prompt and liberal manner in which the Russians reviewed and returned photographs made on the Steinbeck-Capa expedition.

This is an unfortunate contrast to my own recent experience at the hands of British authorities. On Dec. 23, I arrived in Palestine accompanied by three members of my film group. We all had visas secured as film documentary workers. We arrived on a Jewish immigrant ship, whose voyage we had filmed; we considered this material of extraordinary historic value. We pointed out to the authorities that, whatever the legal status of these ships, they were undoubtedly legitimate sources of news, and that therefore the presence of reporters and photographers on such ships had to be considered as legitimate.

We were arrested, and our motion picture negatives were impounded. We asked for permission to secure the material in our cabin, and were told that all of our possessions were safely under guard. Nevertheless, all possessions of value in our cabin "disappeared." These included all of the still picture negatives of the voyage, a motion-picture camera, all of our clothing and other personal possessions, and $300 in cash. Though the C.I.D. professed to have no knowledge of the manner in which all this had "disappeared," they later returned to me in Jerusalem the briefcase which had contained the $300. It was now empty.

I was promised in Jerusalem that our impounded motion-picture negative would be flown to London and speedily reviewed, for return to me. A month has passed, and I have been unable to obtain any news of the fate of this material.

In reporting my treatment by British authorities I can only say that we were imprisoned and robbed, and that our work was taken from us.

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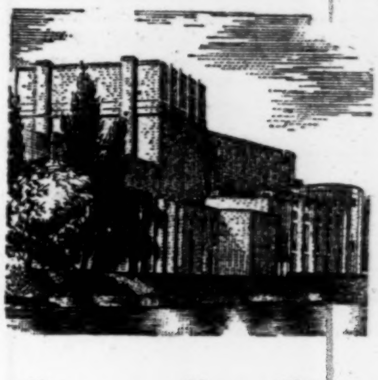

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FASCISTS AND LOUD SPEAKERS

SIR,—Mr. Ede is giving "serious thought" to making Fascists harmless by the device of banning the use of loud speakers at their meetings.

Such reasoning is a typical example of the failure, once commented on by G. K. Chesterton, to distinguish "between the means and the end, between the organ and the disease, between the use and the abuse"; its basic fallacy is that an evil can be destroyed by the prohibition of some quite irrelevant offshoot or symptom whilst the real disease and cause is left untouched. To stop children making a noise—ban toy drums; to stop a politician from standing up and talking nonsense—pinch his braces: that is the logic implicit in Mr. Ede's "serious thoughts."

It seems, however, that Mr. Ede's thoughts go even further for, in order to make absolutely sure that Fascists really will be effectively discouraged he contemplates banning the use of loud speakers not only at their meetings but at *all meetings*. This, surely, is the quintessence of futility. To stop children from making a noise, we must ban not only toy drums but military bands and symphony orchestras as well. To stop an M.P. from standing up and talking nonsense, everyone is to be forbidden braces. To debar Mr. Laing from his anti-social habit of winning the weekly competition, we must take away his pencil, and firmly remove the pencils of all other competitors also.

It seems a pity that Mr. Ede should be put to the trial of indulging in "serious thought" in this matter. One would have thought that it was not beyond the wit of even a Home Secretary to appreciate that it is not the loud speaker itself which may be a danger but what is said through it; that the evil of Fascism lies not in the fact that it uses loud speakers but in the creed itself; and that there really are other and simpler ways of stopping the propagation of anti-Semitism and other seditious libels than by preventing perfectly innocent Labour speakers from using loud speakers at their meetings. O. H. PARSONS.

WALLACE FOR PRESIDENT

SIR,—What can you possibly mean by saying that Wallace declares "his candidacy in the shadow of the *Chicago Tribune*"? Those here who are tired of voting for the lesser of two evils on the ballots of the two old parties are used to being called "Communists," but the *Chicago Tribune* libel is a new one. You speak of "Henry Wallace's decision to form a Third Party in order to fight the Marshall Plan." On the contrary, the Third Party movement came largely from the ranks of the labour unions, such as the Marine Cooks and Stewards, and had been going for some time before Henry Wallace agreed to run for president on its ballot. Moreover, your statement is less than fair, since it omits any mention of the positive side, of Wallace's own programme for European reconstruction. He is anxious to help Europe—all of Europe—in every way, and was so long before the "Marshall Plan," so-called; but he and the Progressive Citizens of America, which backs him, wish to do this through Uno, and not unilaterally and militaristically through the U.S.A.

You will remember that the Marshall Plan was put forth without withdrawal of the vicious Truman Doctrine. You in Britain, in your great need for material help from the United States, are far too optimistic about what you believe the Marshall Plan to be, or ever could be with this reactionary, Republican Congress. At its best, it is almost certain to be short-term relief, with impossible and humiliating conditions attached, for it is not based upon a genuine desire to reconstruct Europe, but upon hatred and fear of Soviet Russia. Meanwhile armies and weapons of warfare are being built up as never before in peacetime. The Marshall Plan, I assure you, is an extension of the Truman Doctrine.

You say, "What a tragedy that Wallace could not have joined forces with A.D.A." It would have been a tragedy if he had. The big difference between the P.C.A. and the A.D.A. is that implicit in the A.D.A. programme, good as it is in some respects, is fear and distrust of Russia, and an absolute refusal to allow Communists to join the organization or to work with it. A.D.A. says, defending the Marshall Plan, "Our real weapon is the restoration of economic and moral health," and "military containment." of Russia is not enough. But the plan for military coercion of Russia is there. A.D.A. even supported the Truman Doctrine of aid to Greece and Turkey. We in the P.C.A. are not afraid to have Communists work with us, if they are working for the same things as we are.

A progressive new party here cannot be a Labour Party as it is in Britain, for labour, on the whole, is unprogressive here, and many of the unions are lead by reactionary bosses. It is badly split, like the Democratic Party, and even when it is progressive, it is almost entirely taken up with domestic affairs, and not very well informed about or interested in the rest of the world. The new party needs true progressives of all groups. It is true that it may split the Democratic ticket in the coming election, but it is pretty well agreed on all sides that Truman cannot win, and many Democrats do not really want him. Many of us feel that the U.S.A. is doing so much harm in the world, everywhere supporting reactionary governments with arms, that it might be preferable to have Taft, the isolationist, rather than Truman and the present bi-partisan, militaristic set-up. We believe that the new party in states like California, where "cross-filing" is permitted, can actually strengthen the Democratic Party where it deserves to be strengthened. Every good candidate that the Democrats or Republicans put up, the new Independent Progressive Party (as it will be called in California) will also put on its ballot. In this way, we hope to get a better Congress, and that is even more important than a good President.

California. HELEN FREELAND GIBB

TAX-FREE EXPENSES

SIR,—For a long time the City has chided the wage-earning sections of the community for pressing claims for higher wages. The City should put its own house in order.

Wage claims seem modest indeed compared with the tax-free emoluments now received by many directors and executives. Expenses allowances, out-of-pocket expenses (these are often recovered up to a pre-arranged figure and become effectively flat-rate allowances with the advantage that they are less likely to be challenged by the Inspector of Taxes), travelling expenses, entertaining expenses, luxury flats, cars and their chauffeurs, business holidays abroad with wives, wives' taxis and flowers—one comes across them all as the means by which many leaders of industry can, and do, receive annually tax-free sums greater than the gross amounts received by wage earners in a decade. Often directors draw expenses from several different companies and quite frequently semi-dormant companies are acquired for the sole purpose of charging expenses.

I believe these practices have a very real inflationary effect and the Chancellor of the Exchequer might well give the Inland Revenue every encouragement in their plan to remedy this state of affairs.

CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT

SOLDIER OR BARBARIAN

SIR,—In his interesting revue of Dr. Delisle Burns's *The First Europe* in your issue of February 7, Dr. Gilbert Murray remarks that "the word *miles*, soldier, in the fourth century, was almost a term of contempt, meaning a barbarian." One can go even further; the word "barbarian," in popular parlance, came to mean "soldier." For example, in a Greek papyrus in the British Museum, a woman writes to Abinnaeus, a non-commissioned officer in charge of a camp at Dionysias in the Fayyûm, on behalf of her son who "went away with the barbarians," asking that he has been excused the last few days of his year of service. This means that he joined the Army. The military treasury of the Empire was known as *fiscus barbaricus*. H. IDRIS BELL

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

In Loudon's *Encyclopaedia of Gardening* the opinion is ventured that "a great part of the Pays de Vaud is like the best part of Berkshire." This can never have been true of the view from Gibbon's *berceau* of acacias, and it is not true to-day of the *berceau* itself, since this was replaced in 1901 by a monumental Post Office in the style of Louis XIII. From December to March it is difficult to get in or out of this building, or to station oneself in front of it, without damage from the picks, axes, runners and spikes of the winter-sportsman. In Gibbon's time the mountains were politely and justly ignored by the cosmopolitan society of Lausanne; faro, gossip and private theatricals were their normal employments at this season; but to-day the collective porcupine of skiers enjoys pre-eminence. "Not with a bang, but a Whymper" should be the English blazon of these formidable persons. Softer tastes have recently been indulged, however, by the publication of the full text of Gibbon's Lausanne journals. These were kept in French; they cover the later period, from August, 1763, to April, 1764, of his second visit to Switzerland; and they have been edited on the spot, with all possible care, by M. Georges Bonnard.*

Gibbon was twenty-six when, in May, 1763, he recrossed the Swiss border. He was newly liberated, after three and a half years' service with the Hampshire militia. War, not peace, gave then the signal for a travel-ban, and the negotiations at Fontainebleau had sounded the music of freedom in his diminutive ears. Pausing only to applaud a performance of Mallet's *Elvira*, he darted across to Paris, and there began the round of enlightened pleasures which was to give him, when finally he reached Lausanne, so complete an assurance of his superiority to other young Englishmen abroad. Most of these seemed to him mere louts, fit only to make sport of their tutors; but Lausanne was then, as now, the rendezvous for a thoughtful and animated society of Swiss, and an international society of exiles. These jointly became Gibbon's companions. Among them he could shine at his ease, while in an adjoining room the blubbering boys and the knicker-hungry Guardees bickered sullenly around the billiard-table. Ten years had transformed him. No longer did he sit speechless, a disgraced undergraduate, at the parsonical table of Monsieur Pavilliard. The world had claimed him, and he had claimed the world. "It appears," he noted in his Journal, "that the Prince of Wurtemberg has a great liking for me. He has an easy and natural politeness for everyone, but with me he adopts a tone of confidence, of esteem, and almost of affection." The Lausanne notebooks may not be among their author's Lapidaria, and indeed M. Bonnard lists a number of battles, atrocious but decisive, between himself and the grammar, syntax and orthography of the diarist. The Gibbonian forefinger was none the less raised as effectively in French as in English, and never more so than in describing the human curiosities of the town. His reading offered, in relation to these, a series of prompt, if involuntary, parallels. From the Third Satire of Juvenal he learnt how quickly a plain and pious people may be debauched by the amenity of foreign manners. In November, when the first layers of snow had fallen upon Lausanne, he discovered from the *Travels in Greenland* of the Danish traveller Hans Egede that even in the Arctic Circle certain simple pleasures could still be enjoyed. "Oui," he noted, "l'homme est naturellement bon! J'en appelle à ces Greenlandois, qui connaissent l'amour au milieu de leurs frimats . . ." The eternal snows of Chimboraxo and the discreet withdrawal ("two yards every hundred years") of the sea from the coastline of Sweden offered further points of interest to a visitor who perforce gazed daily on the Dents du Midi and the variable delta of the Rhone.

Scrutiny of Nardini and Cluverius persuaded him for the moment that "the geographer sees, perhaps better than the historian, what it cost the universe to become Roman"; but when he looked at his companions in Lausanne, it was with a more than geographical eye. Count Golovkin, for instance, whose father and grandfather had held high positions under the Czar of Russia, was diminished in the sentence: "he is said to be witty and, among his own friends, may be so." Baron de Wolf was the subject of a long anathema which begins: "brought up in frugality and in trade, he is by no means accustomed to the great wealth which now falls to his share." Gibbon exacted French standards of courtesy and amenity, and in consequence passed the winter in a nearly permanent state of social condescension.

A few elderly and distinguished Swiss were alone admitted to rank with himself. Monsieur de Chandieu-Villars, who had spent his life in the French Army, was one of these—"a man of great politeness, with an easy and lively intelligence . . . almost the only foreigner who has acquired the smoothness of French manners without at the same time giving himself noisy and idiotic airs." Intellectuals had not this facility, and of poor Woest, the faithful philosophical chopping-block of Gibbon's restless hours, the diarist remarked that "one may discern his nationality from the coarseness of his manners." One man, however, he did absolutely detest: Colonel Juste Constant, who "unites in his person even those bad qualities which are most remote from each other—grossness and artifice, malice and stupidity, avarice and prodigality. He is in effect *Monstrum nulla virtute redemptum*." The allusion to Juvenal's great attack on Crispinus ("a sickly creature, vigorous only in debauch") may have solaced Gibbon for the tiny slights and distresses which Constant inflicted upon him; in these he would seem to have shown a dexterity worthy of the nobler causes to which his son Benjamin later devoted himself.

The English themselves were very mixed. There were decent, studious, and inhibited travellers like Lord Palmerston, and ill-conditioned beasts like Sidney. There was the amiable and alcoholic Guise, and Captain Clarke, the retired Naval man. There was John Holroyd, later to become the dearest of Gibbon's friends, and there was Mr. Beckford, the author not of *Vathek* but of *Thoughts on Hare and Fox Hunting*. There was Mr. Shuttleworth: "qu'il faudra du savon pour le décrasser"; and there were the anonymous others who, while Gibbon was deciphering Spanheim and Vossius at his desk above the Leman, would vex him with the clinking of their billiard-balls, and later turn his rooms into their habitual café. Had these been all, he must have been very discontented; but there were also such dependable friends as Saussure and Deyverdum; and there were the ladies.

While in no sense an amorist, Gibbon was a flirt. The air, if not the fact, of sex was indispensable to his existence. Like Stendhal, he was enraptured by the phenomenon, common to both Lausanne and Geneva, of the unmarried young girls (exemplary vestals, moreover) who went everywhere unchaperoned, and offered to the goatish pretensions of travelling Englishmen a resistance as effective as it was delicate. Gibbon was happy with them, and enjoyed, too, the dwindling but still potent attractions of his former attachment, Mademoiselle Curchod. Can it be by coincidence, however, that during the first week of February he made the acquaintance both of Madame de Seigneux and of Ovid's account, in the *Fasti*, of the Floral Games of ancient Rome? He was experiencing at that time one of those rebounds of animal interest which often accompany the check or dismissal of more elevated appetites. He had not prospered in society as much as he would have wished; there had been a rebuff at the Cercle (the White's of Lausanne); he had been dropped from houses at which the Prince of Wurtemberg dined; the senior personages of the town no longer showed him, he complained, "that respect, those flattering distinctions upon which I used to count." He was reduced, in fact, to enjoying the weather. . . . enjoying the weather.

At this low point in his fortunes he went to a party at which was a youthful but practised enchantress. She was from Aarau, but had married into the first society of Lausanne. "Not pretty," Gibbon noted, "but with a vivacity, and a rumpled and mutinous manner, which render her very interesting. She always grasps one's meaning, never takes offence, and replies in the same tone. What temperament she has! There is an evident and very decided lubricity in her eyes, her gestures, and everything she says. For this reason they had to marry her off at the age of fifteen, because . . ." Warmed by this new acquaintance, and stirred by Ovid's explicit, though glacial narrative, Gibbon noted on the following day that "the flower-season has always aroused licentious ideas . . . even in men who were very certainly ignorant of the story of the courtesan Flora."

It came to nothing, of course. After seven weeks of delicious manœuvring for wind and station, Gibbon broke a new signal: "disengage" read the flags at his masthead. A week or two more, and he had left Lausanne for Italy. He had passed a pleasant and economical summer and winter. His studies had been monumental in their scale and scope. "Reading" is not the exact word for his treatment of Strabo, Pliny, Pomponius Mela, Tacitus, Rutilius, Horace, and Ovid; one should rather say that these authors, and the encyclopaedic provision of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée (Vols. XIII-L), were stripped, gutted and razed. The history of cannibalism, the newly printed Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the exact size of the Roman circus, the voyages of Anson, the location of Egeria's wood and the expectation of life among the Dutch—all were received indifferently by this commodious intellect, and all were ground equally fine. His central preoccupation was always, however, to equip himself as the historian of Rome, and once or twice this imposed an unusual formality upon his comments, and he felt bound to speak of Trajan's Column as a sublime example of "that architecture which addresses itself to the mind as much as to the eye, and which the Romans understood better than all the other peoples of the earth." The historians of the past were examined with awe, but also with a cold eye for their defects. Livy, through these binoculars, became "a man of letters, reared in the dust of the schoolroom, ignorant of the art of war, neglectful of geography"; but in Polybius Gibbon saluted the author who, like himself, based his conclusions upon a close examination of original sites.

Intellectually, his visit had been a success. Not only had he mastered the geography of ancient Rome, and made careful recensions of many classical authors, but he had examined several contemporary explorations of the antique world. He had gained knowledge of the world. He had been interested, though not implicated, in a prosecution for disorderly conduct; he had averted a duel between two friends; he had taken lessons in French declamation; he had been cupped. Yet there were things which rankled, and as he left Lausanne for the second time he confessed to disappointment. Where once he had seen a paradise, he now saw "a town, ill-built in a delightful landscape, which enjoys peace and quietude, and mistakes them for liberty. . . . Affectation is the original sin of the Lausannois. Affectation of wealth, nobility and intelligence—the first two being very common and the third very rare." Did there rise before him at this point a lubricious but inaccessible image? He turned, at any rate, and with outstretched forefinger continued: "Their love of ostentation accords ill with their taste for nobility; yet they would die rather than renounce it or embrace the only profession which would allow them to keep it up."

John Russell

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* *Le Journal de Gibbon à Lausanne*, edited by Georges Bonnard. *Librairie de l'Université, Lausanne.* 1945.

A TRIP TO HELICON

Poetry of the English-Speaking World. Chosen by RICHARD ALDINGTON. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

And So To Bed. By E. SACKVILLE WEST. *Phœnix House.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"I wonder if we have not rejected too much," wrote Mr. Aldington in an early poem. This was not, I imagine, his thought after disposing a choice of English poety since *Beowulf* in the nine hundred octavo pages of his new anthology. But the tremendous journey has been made more than once; whoever makes it again needs a more exploring spirit than Mr. Aldington on the whole chooses to show. True, he has admitted non-lyrical poetry—passages from verse drama as well as from epic and narrative. But he might have been bolder in rejecting, not the great landmarks, *Lycidas* and the rest, "the self-selecting nucleus of universally admired poems" (Mr. Aldington's words) which can never be read too often, but the littering of trivial-familiar pieces which are carried over from one anthology to another; and so have made more room for writers such as John Clare, Hartley Coleridge, Flecker, Edward Thomas, James Stephens, MacNeice, Spender, Auden, Day Lewis, of each of whom there is no more than one poem.

Is it possible for a "general" anthology not to be also "personal"? Mr. Aldington at least does not pass over, in the grand manner of his predecessors, what he does not approve. Palgrave, certainly "with great reluctance," omitted Spenser's *Epithalamion* (and probably Marvell's *Coy Mistress*) from the *Golden Treasury* (1861) "as not in harmony with modern manners." His 1700 to 1800 section contains not a single poem in heroic couplets. There is one short piece by Pope—some uncharacteristic quatrains written as a childish exercise. Because of Tennyson's reluctance to appear, there are no works by "living" poets (though there are hints that a new section would have included poems by "Bryant, Clare and Lowell" as well as by the Laureate). Palgrave's choice was sensitive, if discreet, but these are significant negatives when we consider the extent of his influence on the poetic taste of several generations.

Mr. Aldington is at his best before the end of the 17th century, and here, indeed, it is hardly possible to avoid giving pleasure, whatever the poems chosen from these bright years. Comparing the early pages of this book with the latest, one is reminded how direct and clear was the feeling of the mediæval poet—none of the modern writer's "hunting after the precise emotion," and how, in the Tudor and Stuart lyrics, a thought or fancy, often slight enough, became crystallised in the trick of writing into something final and enduring. Here is a rarity, the happy ballad of *Glenlogie*. Here Sidney asks:

Who is it that, this dark night,
Underneath my window plaineth ?

Here is Raleigh's great angry poem, *The Lie*:

Say to the Court, it glows
And shines like rotten wood;
Say to the Church, it shows
What's good, and doth no good.
If Church and Court reply
Then give them both the lie.

Here John Fletcher anticipates a delicate mood by more than two centuries: "There's nothing so dainty-sweet as lovely melancholy," and here are lines somehow familiar from Day's *Parliament of Bees*:

When of the sudden, listening, you shall hear
A noise of horns and hunting, which shall bring
Actaeon to Diana in the spring,
Where all shall see her naked skin.

Samuel Daniel provides one of the book's curiosities, a poem in which Ulysses and a brisk Siren discuss the dialectics of surrender in racing iambics. *The Old and Young Courtier* has a novelist's theme. From *Annus Mirabilis* comes Dryden's fantastic description of the Great Fire. Prior is as usual represented by album-pieces; perhaps an editor will one day print instead his moving *Lines Inscribed in the Fly-Leaf of Mezeray's History.*

Though less at ease in Hampton Court and the coffee houses, Mr. Aldington is still a fair enough guide. Here, an epitome of the time, are Swift's mordant verses on his own death. "The dean is dead. Pray what is trumps?" And, later, there are little-quoted extracts from Blair's *Grave*, furnished out with gloomy aisles, shreds of 'scutcheons, night's foul bird; and from Dyer's *Grongar Hill*:

Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are clothed in waving wood,
An ancient towers crown his brow.
That cast an aweful look below.

It is in the middle and late Victorian sections that Mr. Aldington shows signs of restlessness and fatigue, and to believe his assertion that his choice "is based on a re-reading of the complete works quoted" is often difficult. The selection of Tennyson, for instance, or of Matthew Arnold—both of whom have vast tracts unexplored by the anthologist—could hardly be less enterprising. I would like to see Emily Brontë's *The Visionary*, and something of the narrative from Rossetti, part of *Dante at Verona*, perhaps. Is it consistent to regret that the selection from Browning does not include *A Toccata of Galuppi's*?

Mr. Aldington has done a service in removing fancy titles and in incorporating the authors' dates in the text. But he has not listed the poems under the author's name in the index. Among the merits of the anthology are the handsome selection of Donne, Blake and Burns, the inclusion of almost the whole of the *Song to David*, of only serious poems by Hood—no death-watch punning—of parts of *The City of Dreadful Night*, and of some unfamiliar poems by Melville. The poetry of twenty or so years ago is well represented; Anna Wickham's *The Fresh Start* is an agreeable find. On the other hand, when there is only one poem by Clare, why should there be so many by Poe and by Peacock—surely never more than a light-verse writer? Why, instead of any of Cowper's sensitive writing, is there John Gilpin in its entirety (sixty-three verses)? And what sort of conscience has an anthologist who can give twenty-three pages to Swinburne (of whom one seductive passage differs little from another) and no more than four each to Yeats and T. S. Eliot? Crabbe is not there at all, nor Mary Coleridge, nor (though there is a poem by each of her brothers) Edith Sitwell. And finally, a large white reproach, two-thirds of a page left blank and idle after the final entry (by Mr. Delmore Schwartz). This is one thing that cannot be answered by the quotation that Mr. Aldington has chosen as his epigraph:

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share.

Mr. Sackville West does not invite the same kind of criticism as Mr. Aldington, for his anthology *And So To Bed* is purely personal—no duty, all pleasure. It consists of groupings, with an unobtrusive commentary; of verse and prose passages which he selected during the war for late-night broadcast readings. The charm of the book, I think, is in its fresh presentation of known writers, even more than in its discoveries. Among the prizes for those who share Mr. Sackville West's Attic and generous taste are several haunting sonnets by Hartley Coleridge, more than once bordering on greatness, a magnificent poem by Daniel, Raleigh's terrifying sonnet to the "pritty knave" his son, Simaetha's spell from Theocritus, Tennyson's *Daisy*, Clare's beautifully satisfying *December*, Auden's poem of lost love, beginning:

Night covers up the rigid land
And ocean's quaking moor,
And shadows with a tolerant hand
The ugly and the poor.

and Lawrence Durrell's:

Tread softly, for here you stand
On miracle ground, boy.
A breath would cloud this water of glass,
Honey, bush, berry and swallow.
This rock, then, is more pastoral, than
Arcadia is, Illyria was.

Shorthouse, Trelawney, Hopkins, Beckford, Constable and the *Arcadia* (an account of a shipwreck) provide some of the prose. The specimens of English Gothic include not only a passage from "the luxuriant sunset beauty" of *Udolpho*, but the murky description of Mrs. Clennam in *Little Dorrit*.

NAOMI LEWIS

THE SHADOW

Peace or Power. By SIR HAROLD BUTLER. *Faber and Faber.* 15*s.*

With his unsurpassed knowledge and experience Sir Harold Butler has written in this book as clear, concise and objective an analysis of the post-war world situation, and the events which have led up to it since the end of World War I, as has been attempted. Perhaps because his own contact with the international phases of the inter-war years was so intimate, perhaps simply because those years, being now a part of history, can be more clearly seen in perspective, this part of his assessment is the most satisfying. It is indeed a brilliant piece of condensation and clarity, done with historical detachment. He points out, for example, what too few supporters of the League of Nations saw or admitted at the time, that international action against Japanese aggression in Manchuria, lacking either American or Russian aid (and neither, at that time, was a member of the League) could not have succeeded and "would have been completely foolhardy." Then, as now, unless *all* the Great Powers are prepared to act together no amount of agreement among the lesser Powers can be of effective avail. There is bound to be deadlock. It is this fact, which Sir Harold might later have glanced at, which makes somewhat academic to-day's objection to the Veto. The Veto gives legality to a hold-up which would occur in any case where one of the major Powers disagrees with the others. He is equally telling and impartial in his summary of the efforts made by U.S.S.R. in the 'thirties to persuade the nations to organise a more effective system of European security and of the persistent cold-shouldering of Russia by the Western Powers, which finally convinced the Kremlin that there was no hope of co-operation in that quarter and led to the *volte-face* of the German-Soviet pact, signed, as Sir Harold says, "in a spirit of perfect mutual bad faith." Perhaps he should give rather more weight to this persistent history of mistrust of Western intentions between the wars in assessing current Soviet intransigeance. Co-operation in the war was a temporary and uneasy interlude in a record of otherwise continuous mutual suspicion.

His chapter on Germany is written with no illusions. "At the present time there is no solid ground upon which a democratic Germany can be built." What the German people are really thinking to-day we do not know, nor are any of the politicians now collaborating with the Allies truly representative leaders of German opinion. Sir Harold does well to remind us of this and of the importance of keeping the views of Germany's neighbours well in mind when framing her future. He also brings out an important factor too often disregarded—the devastating shortage of manpower in Germany as a result of the war, a shortage which must affect all calculations concerning the pace and extent of German recovery. "Germany is terribly undermanned and at the same time terribly over-populated." It is this that makes the hope or fear of German world-empire dead beyond recall. Germany can only become a menace to the peace of the world again if one or other of the Great Powers wills it. Germany *plus* could now be the danger—or, as some would calculate, the safeguard.

Sir Harold Butler's main theme is the inescapable choice before the world of peace or the menacing insecurity of power politics. He emphasises the revolution in world affairs which has been wrought by the permanent incursion of both Russia and America into Europe and by the fact that these two immense forces now find themselves face to face not only on the Oder but in the Near, Middle and Far East. The book was written before the most recent events arising out of this contiguity had occurred, but not much of it would require serious reconsideration in the light of them. His examination of Western Europe's problem leads him to the self-evident conclusion that, despite the anachronisms of its current nationalism, to achieve the required economic integration will require not only a plan but the birth of a new spirit.

It is not Sir Harold's fault that he has little to offer by way of a solution of the problem he poses. In the end he falls back on the oft-expressed hope that somehow a synthesis may be found between freedom and authority which will allow the Eastern and Western systems to exist side by side in peace and gradually to evolve a workable economic and political compromise for mankind. Trade he quite rightly sees as the main chance of breaking down the barriers. But he clearly foresees the possibility that Uno may become again what it began during the war by being—an alliance of like-minded Powers in an unevenly divided world, an alliance "buttressed by power." What history is witnessing to-day even more than an antagonism of ideologies is one more of the ageless succession of struggles between two rival imperialisms; and in that struggle Sir Harold uncompromisingly and unquestioningly accepts the American case. GERALD BARRY

FLOUR, BRAN AND MIDDLINGS

The Air-conditioned Nightmare. By HENRY MILLER. *Secker.* 15*s.*

Remember to Remember. By HENRY MILLER. *New Directions.* $3.75.

Wisdom of the Heart. By HENRY MILLER. *Poetry London.* 10*s.*

In these three books we are confronted by one of those contemporary tragedies of literature which deserve—we always know it—graver and more learned obsequies than we feel the inclination to allow them. Why is it that Mr. Miller's case causes as much irritation as grief? We feel, however improperly to the occasion, a sense of personal injury that this great comic writer should so grossly forsake the true path of his talent. And this personal resentment is not due to any aversion to wise men and prophets as such, but only to Mr. Miller's lamentable error in now supposing himself to be one.

"At last," wrote Ezra Pound, when *Tropic of Cancer* first appeared fourteen years ago, "at last an unprintable book which is readable." Mr. Miller was that rare thing, a great pornographer. He may quote with approval Theodore Schoeder's statement that "obscenity exists only in the minds that discover it and charge others with it." He may quote St. Paul in his "defence," and summon Plato, Shakespeare, Catullus, Ovid, Shelley, Swinburne and the Bible as witnesses to his pornographic pedigree. But all this is a little bit disingenuous: the prophet in Mr. Miller saying a quite superfluous kind word on behalf of Mr. Miller the smoke-room writer.

Nearly all the greatest writers have been, in the conventional sense of our time, more or less obscene. That is to say that they have written with frankness of subjects on which it has been our practice to be reticent. But very few genuinely *dirty* writers have written well enough to be remembered; Petronius, Rabelais, Sade, Restif . . . even a full list would be a short one. And if we are to consider only the comic pornographers then Mr. Miller's sole ancestor of stature has been Rabelais. Even Petronius was a satirist, and at his best Mr. Miller is innocent of the faintest indignation, the mildest reproof. If we isolate the comic pornography in Miller, we see that Sade, too, was grossly impure by comparison, for he was a most severe theorist.

Even in the early books there were, of course, two Mr. Millers, but there was remarkably little communication between them. On to the stage would steal an outrageous clown; without a single wink he would tell us his dirty story, vividly, convincingly and with many a telling gesture. But when we had shouted vociferously for an encore, what was our horror at seeing the curtain rise on an entirely new scene. The back-cloth was a sky of bleeding stars, and in front of it stood a half-naked man, wearing a false beard and with a purple spot-light playing on his face. From his throat came pouring a string of rich phrases, calling, so far as we could understand them, for men to love one another, to laugh and be natural, to spit in the face of convention and to rediscover the lost cosmos. We became restive, for we knew of many other performers who could do this turn much better, and in any case it wasn't for this that we had paid our money (175 pre-war francs at that!).

But in the early books the appearances of this displeasing figure were rare. It was the clown we remembered, and the clown who won our gratitude and admiration. He was a genuine and extremely original artist, for not only was his language fresh and beautiful but he left us, in however slight a degree, changed. By his own profound shamelessness he did much to relieve us of our own shame; and that is a rare gift from writer to reader. But since Mr. Miller's return to America in 1940 the scatologist whom we had admired in Paris seems to have lost heart. He reappears from time to time in the course of these three volumes, and, despite the new limitations on his freedom of tongue, he is very nearly as delightful as ever.

In *Remember to Remember* Mr. Miller gives a long description of a New York party which made me ache with laughter and regret, and in *The Air-conditioned Nightmare* there is a Hollywood party which is nearly as good. Indeed there are occasional blissful moments throughout all three books when the clown impudently pokes his head round the prophet's back, describes a scene or an incident and then retires. But the greater part of these books is dull, repetitive and (as Miller never was in his starvation days) somehow pathetic. The pathos comes, I think, from the fact that even at his most inflated moments one never feels that Miller is a phoney. *Remember to Remember* is devoted almost entirely to people, while *The Air-conditioned Nightmare* is principally about places, and the approximate theme of the two books is that American places are ugly, disgusting and dead but that a few people can be found in them who are beautiful and alive. His hatred of the places is clearly the passion of his present life, and the best of his prophetic manner is in his hair-raising descriptions of Pittsburg, Hollywood or Chicago. In these denunciations one indeed withdraws one's earlier suspicions of him as a prophet. We may still feel some regret for the suppressed pornographer, but these high moments of passion against American civilisation are most compelling. On the other hand, the descriptions of Miller's friends, which predominate in the second and third books under review, are grotesque and embarrassing.

> Nobody has even explored Benno with any thoroughness. He is elusive, treacherous, volatile, uncanny. Sometimes he is a mountain peak, covered with bright snow, sometimes a broad glacial lake, sometimes a volcano sprouting fire and brimstone.

So it goes on, five, six, seven unrelieved pages of cosmic adulation. Other friends are saints or great artists; all are extraordinary. And it is perhaps hard on these friends of Mr. Miller's that one comes greatly to dislike them, to suspect, indeed, and probably quite unjustly, that they are mostly very dull and rather false.

The pathos lies, then, in the reality of Mr.

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Miller's disgust with the modern world, and in his inability to say anything which can conceivably improve it. He roars at us like a blinded Polyphemus, the same words and sentiments over and over and over again. And, sharing his disgust, we cannot share the simplicity of his faith in his own remedies. Indeed his remedy is no more than a statement of the displeasing phenomena, and a demand that they should be seen no more. But what is needed from a modern prophet is subtlety of analysis, and this is not even attempted by Mr. Miller. The mere phenomena no longer need stating. Our civilisation is sick: we know it. Many people are vulgar and lifeless: we know it. Nations are ruled by hatred and envy and suspicion: we know it by heart. We should live more natural lives: of course. We should contemplate the eternal: quite right. But what is missing is the why and the how; why is civilisation sick and how are we to cure it? If Mr. Miller wants to do us good, he should tell us some more dirty stories.

PHILIP TOYNBEE

CREOLE NAPOLEON

Bolivar: The Life of an Idealist. BY EMIL LUDWIG. *W. H. Allen.* 17s. 6*d*.

Emil Ludwig's study of the Liberator was a commission, or a request, from the Venezuelan Government. They have every reason to be satisfied. Bolivar figures here with all the superlatives. He is not merely a great general but a philosopher, a poet, a "practical idealist," a "first-class political thinker" and a "born founder of states." He is credited with profound self-knowledge and amazing foresight. His speeches, letters and proclamations are freely quoted as "documents for all time," "truly immortal words." "Legislators," he addressed the Congress of Lima, "in returning to the Congress the supreme power it conferred on me, allow me to congratulate the people on their release from the two most terrible things the world knows—from war by the victory (of Ayacucho), from despotism by my resignation. Banish for ever, I beseech you, the terrible power which once destroyed Rome." "This speech of Bolivar's," says Emil Ludwig, "is more immortal than all his battles. If no record of his deeds survived, this one sheet of paper would suffice to ensure him his place among the heroes of antiquity."

Well, that, no doubt, was the effect aimed at. And if no record of his deeds had survived, we should not be aware that he then immediately resumed the dictatorship—by request, of course; nor that his career was studded with these platonic renunciations. And then it might seem wrong to laugh—though it would still be difficult to repress a smile.

Bolivar's "idealism" was that of a romantic doctrinaire, a child of his age. Nothing could be richer in *Zeitgeist* than the little Creole's indoctrination with Rousseauesque principles by that eccentric educator-errant, Rodriguez or Robinson. "Of the lessons he gave me," Bolivar observed in later life, "not a comma has vanished." Still nothing might have come of it. The young widower, the dandy of the Paris salons, had no practical views, and no career in mind. All he had was a fever of undirected energy and a thirst for glory in the abstract. The fever is described by one of his mistresses: "He could not sit still for ten minutes without ruining something; it was sheer destructive activity, a mania for movement." The thirst for glory took the usual, the inevitable, form of a Napoleon-fixation. Rodriguez and Napoleon—those were his prophets, and, of course, they contradicted each other. When Napoleon crowned himself, the romantic freedom-lover had to be shocked. But, as Ludwig says, his indignation hardly covered a rage of envy. One day at his own table he denounced the Consul as a "traitor to liberty," scandalising all his guests, who scurried out of the house "as if an attempt had been made on their lives." The revealing part of this episode is a letter he then wrote to excuse "the disgraceful scene which was caused yesterday by the fanaticism of a few effete clerics. . . . So far as I am concerned, I am simply a rich man, an excrescence on society, a stone in the hilt of Bonaparte's dagger. . . . All I am good for is to open my house to men of some standing. A pitiable situation!"

Yet, after all, he remained an idler till South American revolt fell into his lap: till Napoleon's invasion of the mother-country launched it without him. All this Emil Ludwig makes clear; nor does he gloss over the idealist's prompt conversion to something very like dictator principles (whatever he may have said in Lima and elsewhere). Nevertheless, there is a consistent, rather surreptitious adding of cubits to Bolivar's political achievement and his moral stature.

Bolivar was certainly the most gifted, brilliant and indomitable of South American liberators—who were thick on the ground. Yet the independence of the Spanish colonies would have been achieved without him—was, in great part, achieved without him; while as a statesman, constitution-maker, "founder of states," he was a tragic and complete failure. In the main it was not his fault. But he had a gluttonous imagination, an eye fantastically bigger than his belly. Incapable (and small blame to him) of regulating his first-born child Colombia, he dreamed of more and more worlds to conquer. "If the Argentine were threatened by Brazil, it would be a good opportunity and a glorious affair. I might become dictator of America. . . . The demon of glory must carry us to Tierra del Fuego! What risk is there? People should leave me to my diabolic impulses." At another time he wrote: "I am capable of bearing the government of the whole world more easily than that of Venezuela." A very common complaint.

Nor will it do to make him out a "great moralist," a Washington or anti-Machiavelli. Bolivar, indeed, towards the end of his life, insisted that "he had not looked at Machiavelli for fifteen years." Again the claim makes one smile; the doctrine of expediency can be developed by men of action quite on their own. Bolivar enlisted it soon enough with his *guerra à muerte*—the rule and practice of massacre, which is justified by Emil Ludwig on the usual ground that "they began it," and by the hero himself in language of surprising naivety: "It was the last means by which we could counterbalance advantages which otherwise the enemy would have alone enjoyed." At another time he might arm himself (to use his own words) "in a mantle of candour, good faith, confidence and friendship. The whole was a mere pretext . . ." Machiavelli almost word for word. He was capable, on occasion, of forging documents, grossly flattering opponents, telling the most bare-faced, bombastic lies—and then again he would write: "You know I cannot lie. You know I am too high-minded to descend to deception." And he may even have believed it. He was the kind of romantic, headlong self-idolater whose conscience always is at rest—officially. It had to be, for his glory's sake; and for his glory he was apt to treat rival patriots rather badly. Nor (though "I alone in the world have no interest but the general good") did he spurn the title of Emperor on principle, but chiefly to be one up on Napoleon—his only chance. He wanted the reality of despotic power, and he was right in the circumstances; democracy and freedom would not have worked at all. But he also wanted the glory of renouncing it. In this lifelong attempt to eat his cake and have it, Emil Ludwig abets him warmly.

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WINGATE

But the facts are here, and plenty of those "immortal words" which, if not always as impressive as they were meant to be, are always illuminating. It is unkind to Bolivar to force him out of his class. He did not write or act in cold blood. He was not a sage, nor yet a hero of principle; but he was a hero, dauntless and indefatigable, and at length martyred. If he overstated his merits, indeed compared himself to Christ, that was just his way. K. JOHN

THE FAEROES

The Atlantic Islands: The Faeroe Life and Scene. BY KENNETH WILLIAMSON. *Collins.* 16s.

At twenty thousand feet on a clear day it was possible for a pilot of Coastal Command to have four separate archipelagoes in sight at once. Looking south-west he could see the peaty, Celtic Hebrides; the hills of Sutherlandshire almost joined these to the well-farmed Orkneys, flattish but for the big hump of Hoy; east was Shetland, so dissected by voes that nowhere could a man be more than a couple of miles from salt water; and finally, away to the north-north-west, were the basalt precipices of the Faeroes.

In 1941 the semicircle of ocean defined by these four groups of islands was exceedingly dangerous, but, even when the Iceland fishermen decided to stay at home, the Faeroese still crossed and recrossed it, their little diesel engines vibrating monotonously all the way from Thorshavn to the Aberdeen fish quays. At one time, in the worst days of the war, the fish we queued for was mostly landed by the Faeroe boats. And not without casualties; it is said that these small islands lost a greater proportion of their men by direct enemy action than any of the combatant nations. In the war the Faeroes had a garrison of British soldiers. By a piece of great good fortune one of them was Mr. Williamson. At that time there was one good book about the islands, a book written in 1800 by a local parson named Landt. Now there are two.

Mr. Eric Linklater in a foreword describes *The Atlantic Islands* as being a masterpiece of its kind. It may be as well to explain what that kind is. It is not a book written by a poet, like Synge's *Aran Islands.* It is neither a book of personal anecdote like *A Summer in Skye,* nor a book written from the inside like those which have given the Blaskets their literary fame. Mr. Williamson is a scientist and came to the Faeroes as a stranger, and his chief purpose has been the accurate recording of facts. There are times when the facts are a bit dry—the intricacies of primitive land law for instance—but they are necessary to the full understanding of the subject; and at other times the facts are so strange and striking that they will stimulate the dullest imagination. The chief of these are the summer fowling and the whale-drive.

The fowling is sport and economic necessity as well. Some of the methods used are most ingenious; some, such as the capture of sleeping gannets, are feats of skill and daring. The whale-drive also is both necessity and sport—the bloodiest blood-sport in the world. The patient, skilful driving of the whales by small boats ends when the wretched beasts lie embayed in the shallows; then every man, woman, and child is hacking and hauling the dying but still dangerous monsters, and plunging about in a sea of blood. And these are highly educated people whose favourite indoor pastime is contract bridge!

This combination of modern and primitive impressed Mr. Williamson. It is perhaps a pity that he did not tell us a little more about it. He is full and interesting on the daily life of the Faeroese, on their customs and their folklore; he tells us everything they do, but he tell us little or nothing of what they think or say. Are the young men on remote Mykines—remote even for the Faeroes—discontented with their lonely island, and do they, as they wring the necks of the puffins, think of the day when they can get a white-collar job in Copenhagen? So far civilization—if that is the right word for it—has invariably brought discontent to the inhabitants of such places. If any people can change this, it will probably be the pragmatic Scandinavians; recent news about this from such places as the Faeroes and Lapland would be of great interest.

But Mr. Williamson, on this occasion at least, is busy with other matters. He writes of birds because he is an ornithologist and because in this country the bird multitudes are of great importance to the people. He gives an account of netting storm-petrels on the wing in darkness and of a black-browed albatross that had somehow wandered sixty degrees the wrong side of the equator. His topographical writing is vivid and clear though he has uninformative maps, and he is interesting on the domestic architecture of the Faeroes, though he seems unacquainted with the Danish architecture that was its parent. He writes of strange and alarming food and of energetic sweaty dancing that goes on all night among the hills of whale meat. He has written the second good book about the Faeroes, perhaps some day he will write the third also.

STEPHEN BONE

The Street Trader's Lot: London 1851 Edited by S. RUBINSTEIN. *Sylvan Press.* 12s 6d.

This is a timely book. Mr. Rubinstein has edited a selection of chapters, with some of the original illustrations, from the first of Mayhew's four thick volumes, which record the terrible condition of London street folk in 1851. Here is a queer, half-forgotten set of trades—groundsel men, cheapjohns, street herbalists and sellers of birds' nesties. A queer world, too, where three-quarters of a million hot pies were sold each summer, long-song men sold three yards of song for a penny, costers took a particular pride in their clothes and were Chartists almost to a man, and Leicester Square was the best selling-ground for frogs. These descriptions, knit together by the editor's excellent commentary, are made even sharper by the direct statements which Mayhew took down from the street folk whom he questioned.

Week-end Competitions

No. 939

Competition set by W. R.

Six guineas are offered for versions in English verse of Mörike's *Um Mitternacht.* Entries that follow the shape of the original and that can be sung in Wolf's setting will be preferred, other things being equal, but the prizes are not reserved to competitors fulfilling this condition. Entries by Feb. 24th.

Gelassen stieg die Nacht ans Land,
Lehnt träumend an der Berge Wand,
Ihr Auge sieht die goldne Wage nun
Der Zeit in gleichen Schalen stille ruhn;
Und kecker rauschen die Quellen hervor,
Sie singen der Mutter, der Nacht, ins Ohr
Vom Tage,
Vom heute gewesenen Tage.

Das uralt alte Schlummerlied,
Sie achtet's nicht, sie ist es müd;
Ihr klingt des Himmels Bläue süsser noch,
Der flüchtgen Stunden gleichgeschwung'nes Joch.
Doch immer behalten die Quellen das Wort,
Es singen die Wasser im Schlafe noch fort
Vom Tage,
Vom heute gewesenen Tage.

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 936

Set by Naomi Lewis

The usual prizes are offered for an 8-line moral poem, in the mood of Dr. Isaac Watts, based on one of the following: the poodle, the panda, the fruitfly (drosophila), the lemming, the silkworm, the ant-eater, the mink.

Report by Naomi Lewis

The large entry for this competition went far to confirm my suspicion that there is a suppressed divine at the heart of every competitor. The morals were indeed, more consistent than the natural history. Was it nature or the exigencies of rhyme that caused the mink, in some sets of verses, to share a quality with the skunk? If a touch of insularity is noted in some of the verses printed, it should be remembered that the good Doctor rendered thanks in his hymns that he was an Englishman, and not a pauper, a Heathen, or a Jew. His mixture of the minatory, the combustible and the complacent was nicely caught by several entrants; their verses might usefully be committed to memory by those children who, a week or two ago, were sent off to school by these same competitors. £1 is awarded to A. W., who wrote six poems of prize-winning level, and 12*s.* each to W. Heath, S. W. Hyde, Kenneth Chester, L. E. J., R. J. P. Hewison, Sylvia Tatham, W. L. Lindsay, Allan M. Laing, Ursula Wyndham. Of many excellent near-winners I would like to mention G. J. Blundell, John Grant, Jack Plane, Hassall Pitman, Guy Kendall, Lakon, Shok and Yorick.

By some the Poodle is admired:
It loves to prance and dance;
Its hair like Jezebel's is tired;
Its Domicile is France.

But you like Terrier or Hound
Should shun such Antics wild,
And run with Nose close to the Ground,
A sober English Child.

Drosophilae, you know, are born
To propagate and die;
View not the ephemeral Brood with Scorn
Nor with contemptuous Eye.

Were their Hymeneal Rites more slow,
Their Matings less complex,
Wise men would never, never know
The Mysteries of Sex.
A. W.

THE LEMMING

Does he still hear the fatal whine
that rose from Hamelin's squares and roads
or does he feel as felt the swine
in Gadara the devils' goads?

What other creature restless grows,
pursues in mass some phantom plan,
So to destruction blindly goes?
What other creature ?—only Man!
W. Heath

THE ANT-EATER

Th' industrious Ant doth never rest
But moils and toils the livelong day.
It gathers food and tends its nest—
But does it ever kneel and pray?

Th' Ant-eater's tongue is swift and long;
It strikes—and Ants in thousands fall.
Works without faith, my child, are wrong,
And Mercy must be sought by all.
S. W. Hyde

The zoo-fed Panda does not shun
A meal of plain, unbuttered bun,
Though in her own home she would choose
To feed on succulent bamboos.

And so, dear child, consume with speed
The food that is for you decreed,
And do not pout, grimace, or cry
When you have only humble-pie.
Kenneth Chester

See yon poor Poodle in the Yard,
Unnatural and odd!
Who but the *French* could so have marred
The Handywork of GOD?

But Poodle's Coat can grow again;
And GOD, we trust, may win
By subtle Ways beyond our Ken
The *Frenchmen* back from Sin.
L. E. J.

By Cares domestick mildly pleas'd
The feeble Lemmings play,
Till by a sudden Fury seiz'd
They rush into the Sea.

Learn, Child, from them to stop at home,
Nor seek too soon the World,
Lest thou, enticed abroad to roam,
Be to Destruction hurl'd.
R. J. P. Hewison

The gentle Silkworm rears his head
Like a good Child when Grace is said;
Then strips the Mulberry leaves so clean
No scraps or pieces can be seen.

He spins his threads like golden tresses
That we may all wear silken dresses;
Then sleeps; so may I work, sleep, spring
Born to new Life on fluttering wing.
Silvia Tatham

When poodle, hirsute and unkempt,
Submits unto the shears,
From out the tangle of his coat
Th' essential dog appears.

So cut your tangled coat of sin,
And trim your guilty cloth,
If you would shine in form divine
Ev'n as the Poodle doth.
W. L. Lindsay

Had God ordained that as a Mink
With odour vile I should be born,
I'd no more shed my body's stink
Than of my rich brown fur be shorn.

For all the gifts of God are good
And his intent's not far to seek:
Pride might in beauty find its food
Did not our rank faults keep us meek.
Allan M. Laing

Trips there a *dog*? That perfumed beast?
Beribboned, curled, and pompadoured?
That human folly ever should
By such adornment be allured!

A poodle is a powerful proof
Of that invariable rule,
That he who tries to be a fop
Inevitably ends a fool.
Ursula Wyndham

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Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

GOVERNMENT of Southern Rhodesia. Applics. invited for post of Economist, vacant in Dept. of Commerce and Industry. Salary, £1,100×£50—£1,250 p.a., and there is at present a £100 cost-of-living bonus payable on this salary. Appointment will be in terms of S. Rhodesian Public Services Act, 1936 (Chap. 68, as amended) on probation for two years; thereafter successful applicant will be eligible for appointment to Fixed Establishment and service will be pensionable. Candidates should possess research and admin. qualities of a high order and must have had some years' exp. in field of Economics, especially on side of planning. A 1st or 2nd Class hons. degree in Econs. is essential and preference will be given to persons possessing post graduate qualifics. in Research. Further information and applic. forms from Sec., Office of High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia, 429 Strand, W.C.2, and must be retd. completed by March 12.

UNIVERSITY College, Leicester. Applics. invited for a Lectureship in Education. Candidates should have qualifications in Psychology. Salary according to qualifications and exp., within scale £500-£750, with membership of F.S.S.U. and Family Allowances Scheme. Duties to commence Sept. 1, 1948. Further partics. from the Registrar.

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L.C.C. Avery Hill Training College, Avery Hill Rd. Eltham, S.E.9. Reqd. April, 1948, temporary full-time Lecturer (woman) in Physical Education to fill vacancy caused by a secondment to an Emergency Training College. Training College Scale salary. Applics. (no forms reqd.) to the Principal. (270.)

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COUNTY Borough of Southampton. Health Dept. Appointment of Psychologist. Applics. are invited from qualified Psychologists for above appointment which is to be made in connection with the establishment of a new Child Guidance Centre in Southampton. Sal. will be £575, rising by annual increments of £25 to £650 p.a., plus cost of living bonus, at present males £60 and females £48 p.a. Forms of applic. from H. C. Maurice Williams, Medical Officer of Health, Civic Centre, Southampton, to be returned by Feb. 28.

L.C.C. Psychiatric Social Worker reqd. at Long Grove Hospital (for nervous and mental disorders), Epsom, Surrey. Exp. essential. Candidates preferably should hold the Mental Health Certificate of London School of Economics or equivalent qualific. and will be reqd. to co-operate with medical staff in investigating history of mental cases and supervising social welfare of patients. Sal. scale—£370, rising to £530 p.a. (commencing sal. according to exp.). For applic. form, send s.a. Foolscap env. to Med. Officer of Health (MHS/B), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. (176.)

THE Y.W.C.A. has a special need for women between the ages of 35 and 45 with some exp. in Christian Social work. Applicants will be asked to attend a short intensive course on Y.W.C.A. work and methods, preceded by some practical experience. Vacancies for first course in May limited to six. Details on applic. to Personnel Secy., Y.W.C.A., Gt. Russell St. London, W.C.1.

THE Oxford and Worcester College Boys' Club. Applics. invited for post of Club Leader, salary £300×£15×£405 (subject to satisfactory service), comm. salary determined by exp. and qualifics. Detailed applics., together with three testimonials should be submitted by Feb. 28, to: Chairman, Oxford & Worcester College Boys' Club, 98 St. Clement's, Oxford.

LEADER required for Mixed Club, Central Leeds, April 1. (Full time.) £300 p.a. Applics. within ten days with names of two Refs. to Secretary, Leeds Assocn. of Girls' Clubs & Mixed Clubs, 1 Gascoigne St. Leeds, 1.

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TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sx., urg. reqs. cook and teacher for 8/9 yr. group. Contact Dorothy Mumford, Forest Row 189.

Appointments Vacant—continued

DERBY Education Cttee. Applics. invited for post of Woman Deputy Head Teacher at a Mixed Secondary Modern School (the Head Teacher is a man). It is essential that candidates should have exp. in, and enthusiasm for, the education of children drawn from a poor and congested quarter of the town. Burnham scale plus £40 p.a. special allowance. Applic. forms can be obtained from C. Middleton, Director of Education, Education Office, The Council House, Corporation St., Derby, and should be submitted with copies of 3 recent testimonials by Feb. 28.

REQUIRED for April: Senior Mistress for Day Continuation School. Applicants offering Art and Crafts and/or Physical Training as principal subjects preferred. Post offers considerable scope to those really interested in development of Day Continuation School work for factory girls aged 15-17. Full partics. from W. B. Henderson, M.A., Headmaster, Strode School, Street, Somerset.

BARNS Hostel School, Ancrum House, Roxburghshire. Assistant Teacher required for General Subjects, with special ability in Arts and Crafts and/or remedial work among backward children. This is a recognised Residential Special School for 40 maladjusted boys. Standard scale plus full board, Deputy House Mother, also, with special interest in the care of young boys. Exp. in domestic science, nursing or crafts would be an advantage. Apply Head Master.

WANTED, experienced Junior School Teacher; also capable Senior Master willing to deputise Headmistress. Couple combining these activities most acceptable. Co-ed. Country Boarding School, 80 miles London. Box 215.

THE Warden of University House, Victoria Park Square, London, E.2, requires a Nursery Governess for his two motherless children aged 6 yrs. (boy) and 4 yrs. (girl) to replace present Governess who leaves to marry. Sal. by arrangement. Both children attend school.

FEDERAL Union requires full-time Assistant Secretary and part-time Secretary for Head Office. Shorthand and interest in international affairs essential. Knowledge of languages an advantage. Salary according to qualifications and exp. Applications to the Secretary, 20 Buckingham St. W.C.2.

ORGANISATION Secretary, Male, office and canteen administration of Industrial Plant Design and Research Centre. Duties similar Club. Secy., some engineering exp. an advantage. Sal. accdg. to age and ability, pension fund. Write giving full partics. Box 1881.

AMERICAN Jewish Relief Organisation reqs. qualified Social Workers with exp. in Admin. Relief & Rehabilitation Activities, for work in their programmes on Continent. Kndge. Yiddish/German essntl. Box 1804.

REQD. expd. young Secretary, good shorthand-typist, reliable, initiative, interested in Natl. Social Service work for the Disabled. Write all details Gen. Secy., British Council for Rehabilitation, 32 Shaftesbury Ave. W.1.

WELL-Known econ. & soc. research organisation reqs. admin. assistant (female) for promotion work. Knowledge of publishing/book trade an adv. Typing essential. Write, stating exp., qualifics., salary reqd. Box 1803.

BOOK-KEEPER Shorthand/Typist reqd. by Housing Assocn. in E. London. Hours 9.30 to 5.30, alternate Sats. 9.30 to 12. Write Box A.383, L.P.E., 110 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2.

ASSISTANT Cook and Kitchenmaid required. J.I.C. award rate. Resident or non-resident. Married couple or two friends. Red Hill School, East Sutton, Nr. Maidstone, Kent.

LADY cook wanted for School, North Scotland, congenial post, modern kitchen. Please send testimonials and state salary required, when applying to Secretary, Wester Elchies, Craigellachie, Banffshire.

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Appointments Wanted

LADY, gd. driver, musical, travelled, nursing exp., living S.W.1, desires post daily Comp.-Sec. to musical person. Box 1476.

YOUNG lady, educated, wants to use fluent German, good French, some Italian and typing at any interesting work in Manchester. Offers. Box 1539.

WOMAN graduate, 21, Geog. with Economics, French, some German, seeks employment. Box 1536.

FERTILE head, graduate, 34, research, lecturing, writing, admin. exp. organiser, pol., art. interests, reqs. post, part-time considered. Box 1509.

EXPERT in Historical research requires appropriate occupation. Box 1507.

Personal

EXCHANGE: Czech. Girl of good family (student of English) with Engl. Girl student. Winter sports, conversation, etc. Box 912.

WILL some kind person recommend good dramatic or playreading society, Central London. Box 1511.

YACHT-Cruising Cornish Riviera. Sailing tuition. Berths £10 p.w. Bkg. now Easter, Whit., Summer. Box 1545.

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Personal—continued

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Personal—continued

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